

B. Freeman



1 - 9 - 2 - 8



UNIVERSITY
OF VICTORIA
LIBRARY

"ANECHO"

of the

PROVINCIAL
NORMAL
SCHOOL

VICTORIA B.C.





Autographs

■



Autographs

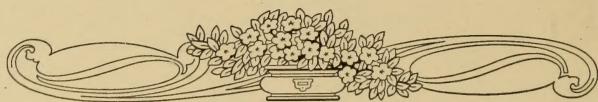
■

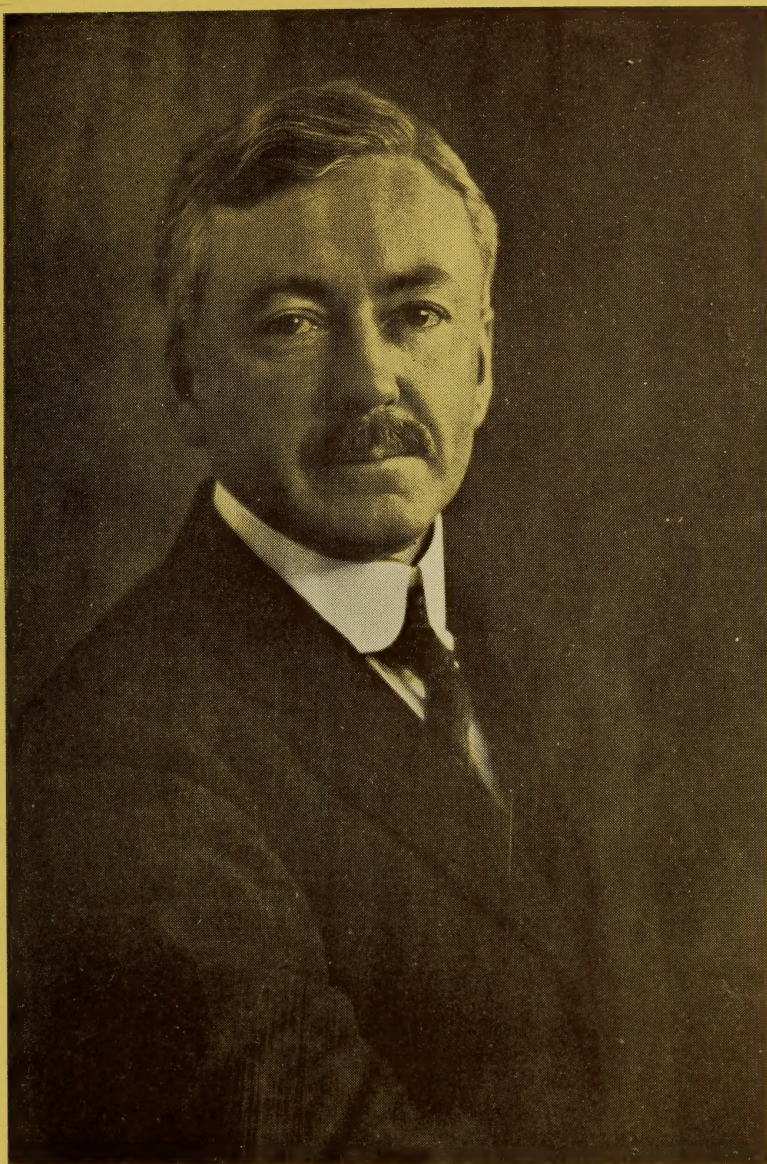
D. L. MacLaurin :

During our brief association with this institution you have shown us that ours is a profession which demands of its members not only academic qualifications, but the virtues of labor, of sacrifice, and of service.

On our way, which has not been free from difficulties, you have been our guide and companion. Your encouragement and advice have been our staff and your splendid example a source of strength and inspiration.

To you, sir, we therefore dedicate this Annual, as a small token of our regard and gratitude.





D. L. MacLAURIN



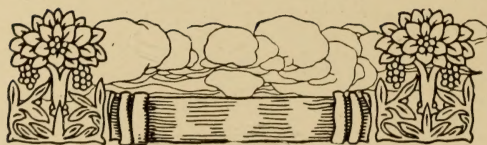
To the Faculty

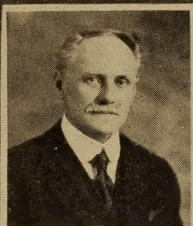
WE, the students of the 1927-28 session of the Normal School, regard it as a privilege to have the opportunity of expressing our appreciation of the Faculty who have provided us with our Teachers' training.

We realize that we are indebted to our Instructors for the skilful instruction and practical assistance which they have given us.

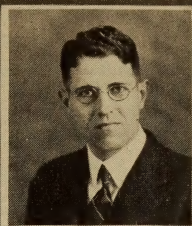
Looking back over our year's work we feel that we owe a debt of gratitude to them for the kindly and sympathetic interest they have at all times displayed in us.

Our Term draws rapidly to a close,—but for a few short weeks and our Normal School days will be but a memory. But as we go our separate ways we shall carry with us the remembrance of a happy and profitable association with the Faculty of the Victoria Normal School.





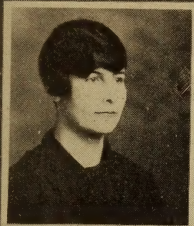
F.T.C. WICKETT
MUSIC INSTRUCTOR



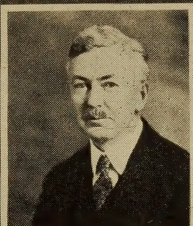
C.B. WOOD
LANGUAGE



MISS PERRY
PRIMARY WORK



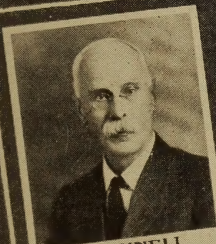
MISS COURSIER
HYGIENE & DANCING



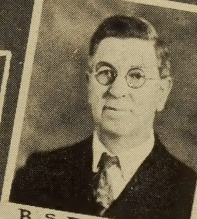
PRINCIPAL Mc LAURIN
ARITH & PSYCHOLOGY



V.L. DENTON
GEOG. & HISTORY

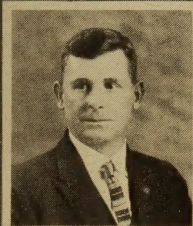


H. DUNNELL
ART INSTRUCTOR



B.S. FREEMAN
NATURE STUDY

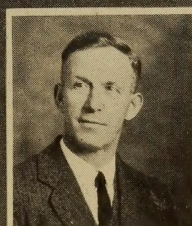
THE FACULTY



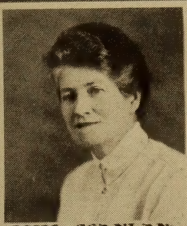
SGT. FROST
PHYSICAL TRAINING



MISS ISBISTER
DOMESTIC SCIENCE



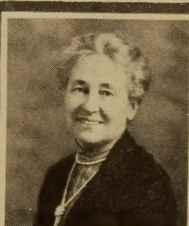
SGT. BAIN
PHYSICAL TRAINING



MISS SCANLAN
MODEL SCHOOL



MISS PIERCY
SECRETARY-TREASURER



MISS BARRON
MODEL SCHOOL



To the Class of 1927-28

A PROMINENT English author has written, "I am of the opinion that my life belongs to the whole community and as long as I live it is my privilege to do for it whatever I can. I want to be thoroughly used up when I die, for the harder I work the more I live. I rejoice in life for its own sake. Life is no brief candle to me. It is a sort of splendid torch which I have got hold of for the moment, and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations."

In no profession is the responsibility entailed in bearing this torch greater than in the one you have chosen. You will desire to gain promotion and position. These are worthy objectives. Gain these if you can, but pay not too dearly for them. To keep these and more worthy objectives in proper perspective is not easy. If promotion swells your pride and makes you pompous and puffed up, if position renders you autocratic and unsympathetic, your torch has become "a brief candle." If in the struggle for promotion, position and the common applause you become so enmeshed in educational theories that your pupils become to you mere "cases" instead of living, sentient human beings, your torch is smouldering. Into the darkness it emits a deadly poison, subtle and fatal.

Keep the human touch. It alone can make the torch burn brightly. Future generations will feel a more ennobling uplift if you do not forget to "seek another's profit and work another's gain." You may not be the cynosure of all eyes but to you is the loftier achievement if you believe, with George Eliot, that, ". . . men still own **that** life to be the highest which is a conscious voluntary sacrifice."

D. L. MacLAURIN.

Set thy desires more high,
Thy buildings fade away
Because thou buildest clay.
Now make the fabric sure
With stones that will endure !
Hewn from the spiritual rock,
The immortal towers of the soul
At death's dissolving touch
 shall mock.
And stand secure while aeons roll.

—Henry Van Dyke



Great is the name
of the strong
and skilled—

Lasting the fame
of them
that build.



The Treasure

When colour goes home into the eyes,
And lights that shine are shut again
With dancing girls and sweet birds' cries
Behind the gateways of the brain;
And that no-place which gave them birth, shall close
The rainbow and the rose.

Still may Time hold some golden space
Where I'll unpack that scented store
Of song and flower and sky and face,
And count, and touch, and turn them o'er,
Musing upon them; as a mother who
Has watched her children all the rich day through
Sits, quiet-handed, in the fading light,
When children sleep, ere night.

RUPERT BROOKE.



Editorial

THE Spring sun, now pouring its glory on our walls, reminds us that the most momentous phase of our training is rapidly drawing to a close. We are now at the end of the road, and the long years of preparation will soon come, we hope, to a happy fruition. Standing as we are, at the parting of the ways, we may pause to survey the events of what has been the happiest year in our career.

Our studies have been varied and interesting, and in practice teaching we have had the satisfaction of realizing their utility. Although our curriculum includes a large number of subjects, ranging from Folk-Dancing to Psychology, we have found time for relaxation and (not referring to the manual arts) for self expression. Our Literary, Dramatic and Debating Societies have been entirely successful and have indicated that we are not without talent. In athletics our various teams have met with considerable success and have upheld the Normal tradition that "Fair play is a jewel."

* * *

On our return from the Christmas vacation we learned that we had sustained a great loss in the person of Lionel Locke. Lionel was very popular with all whom he came into contact, a good student and a leader in all school activities. His death came as a severe shock to the entire student body.

* * *

Of those who visited us during the past year, Miss Stephens and Captain St. Clair made the most lasting impressions. Miss Stephens has spent the greater part of her life in the teaching profession and is now touring the Empire. She bears her seventy years with ease and has the energy and enthusiasm of youth. Her address was in the nature of a heart-to-heart talk about the teaching profession, and her theme, "The test of the highest character is the amount of freedom that it can absorb without going to pieces," left us with much food for thought. Captain St. Clair, like Miss Stevens, impressed us with not only what he had to say but also with his remarkable personality.

* * *

Our associate editors are of the opinion, no doubt, that our rather prolix reference to school activities, athletics and visitors is another instance of editorial plagiarism. Perhaps it is, but in the case of the League of Nations, we feel that too much cannot be said.

Our present civilization, to which the human race has struggled through an infinity of time, will be obliterated, and that ultimate end, to which we are slowly evolving, will never be realized, unless the red hell of war be swept from the face of the earth. Let us join the League of Nations Society, then, and carry the good work into our schools. A new generation is springing up, which, ignorant of the horror of the late war, will invest it with glamor and romance. We have then an opportunity of contributing largely to the salvation of humanity.

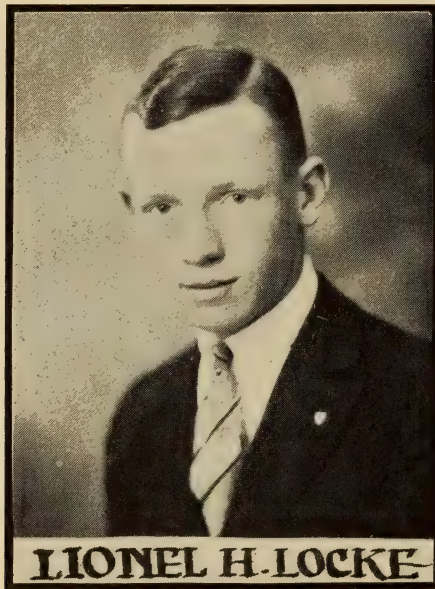


To the principals and the teachers of the Public Schools of Victoria, Saanich and Esquimalt we wish to express our sincere appreciation for the willing co-operation and helpful criticism that they have given us during the past year. Our practice teaching, we know, has interrupted their work, hindered the progress of their classes and added more to their burden of responsibilities.

* * *

We wish to express our thanks and gratitude to those members of the student body whose contributions have made this publication possible. We are also indebted to Mr. Freeman and Mr. Wood, who, in the capacity of staff advisors have given us much valuable assistance and advice. We wish especially to thank Mr. Dunnell for the use of his typewriter and the Misses Clarke and Clements for operating it.

In Memoriam



The tragic death of Lionel Locke came as a great shock to the Faculty and Students of the Normal School. We feel we have suffered an inestimable loss in having snatched from us a most promising student.

It is a fact known by all that in the death of Lionel Locke Victoria lost one of her foremost athletes,—one who, in all his athletic endeavours, never ceased to “play the game.”

Even in his few short weeks among us Lionel endeared himself to all with his good-natured smile and care-free laugh.

We shall all of us remember Lionel Locke as a true “gentleman.”



A Strange Illusion

*(Being an Extract From the Diary of Jeremy Dodds,
Captain of the Guard to His Grace, the Duke of Hurstmoncoeux)*

AFTER our victory at Malplaquet, my master being sent on a matter of some delicacy to His Highness ———, it was my good fortune to visit the beautiful and renowned city of Venice. As the duties of my office were purely ceremonial in character and the number of our suite large (as becomes so illustrious a gentleman as my master), it was my habit to devote a large part of my leisure hours, of which I had some twenty-three every day, to revels and carousal. As a soldier and adventurer I had previously visited many of the great cities of Europe, in times of war, tranquil peace and national rejoicing, but never had I beheld anything so enrapturing as the ancient palaces and canals of Venice in the moonlight, or been conscious of that emotion of bodily exultation that music, wine, and beauty can inspire.

On the last day of our visit there befell me an experience of so strange and ravishing a nature that I have never heard or read the like of before. I, and a band of comrades, together with as many Venetian damsels, had been present at the Carnival of Flowers, a day-long fete given in honour of a great lady of ancient times, whose name I am unable at this present moment to recall. As was the usual custom, our fair companions having been escorted to their several abodes, we made our way to the Tavern of the Three Saints, where it was our good fortune to fall in with a party of merry fellows in the service of the Duc D'Orleans. At this point my mind is not clear as to what actually took place for I do fear that the music and the wine (which my companions would force upon me) caused me to fall into a rapturous stupor.

* * *

I found myself in a spacious and magnificent reception room which, as I afterwards learned, was the Grand Pavilion of the Palace of Barataria. In structure the apartment was of marble, the floor of red and yellow slabs arranged in an intricate and, to me, a confusing pattern. Fearing lest the occupants of the palace should resent my intrusion and clap me into chains, I stole behind a pillar where I could, in comparative safety, recover from my amazement. I had little time for this, however, for directly opposite me, I beheld what I can only call phantom anomalies.

Seated on thrones were two men, both clad in scarlet satin, but, strangely enough, each had about him a green apron, and, "mirabile dictu," they were industriously polishing a crown and a sceptre! In a short time there entered what I judged to be the court: there were divers officials, captains, chamberlains and officers general, all magnificently clad in the richest of garments. Such splendour of attire, indeed, I had never before seen, even at the Court of Versailles.

By this time I was beginning to entertain some doubts as to my sanity, and administered myself a hearty kick to ascertain whether I were of honest flesh and blood or of airy nothingness that our poets are wont to describe. I was doubly reassured as to this, however, for the beings opposite me began to converse with one another, not, as one might imagine, in Italian or Latin, but in cultured English. Yet in a realm where unexpected things happen, and the fantastic is the common order, a small irregularity of this nature perturbed me little.



The occupants of the thrones fell a-bemoaning the fact that they were granted food sufficient for one man only, and they humbly petitioned the court that an extra portion be granted them. There ensued then a loud and wordy discussion as to whether this demand were justifiable or no. I observed that each spake as if he were the equal of any other in birth and rank. Presently the kings came down from their thrones, and, having won the audience of the courtiers, began to sing a ditty.

At first I had no small difficulty in comprehending this sudden and seemingly irrelevant change, but, my ears having become accustomed to their rapidity of utterance, I gathered that the young monarchs were singing of their labours, with what degree of excellence they performed them and the satisfaction to be derived therefrom. It was a right pretty little ditty, sung to a mincing tune which I found most pleasing to the ear.

This song being concluded, the courtiers adjourned to the antechamber to deliberate and pass judgment upon the demands of the monarchs. As soon as the last courtier had withdrawn the young kings conversed at some length upon their present position, contrasting the honours of royalty with connubial bliss. From what passed between them I gathered that the royal foster-mother had confused the heir-apparent with her own son. Both lads were reared as gondoliers, and upon the death of the king, until such time as the foster-mother could be found and forced to reveal the identity of the legal heir, they were compelled to leave their wives and assume the duties of a dual kingship. They had forthwith instituted what is known as a democracy, or a state in which all men are equals. This explained the singular relationship that existed between the monarchs and their household.

And now my fear had completely left me, and, strange to relate, I was conscious of a sensation of delight and levity that I had never before experienced.

The young Kings then sang a most charming love song, opening with the words, "Take a pair of sparkling eyes," and, by the time they had concluded, my heart was completely melted, and it was with some difficulty that I refrained from tears.

Presently there entered a mincing little coxcomb whom I learned to be a Spanish grandee, the Duke of Plaza-Toro. With him were his lady and his daughter. The Duchess was a most handsome and striking woman, her carriage exquisite and her voice deep and melodious. Casilda, their daughter, was a sweet maiden, dignified without being haughty, and pretty rather than beautiful. The antics of the Duke, who was ever capering round the apartment, were most provocative of laughter, and I suffered no little pain in controlling myself.

Between him and his wife there were many sharp encounters, in which I judged them to be about equal, although I do confess that the Duke's wit had in it a lighter and finer quality than that of his lady, who relied more on biting satire than on brilliance of repartee.

After several songs (which, I might add, were a common mode of expression in this court) the Duke, with much ceremony, presented his daughter to the Kings, stating that, as a child, she had been married to one of them and was now come to share the throne with the true king. Great consternation ensued, for the identity of the legal heir was not yet established, Casilda loved her father's drummer and the kings, who were married, naturally loved their wives. In order that the young people might become more familiar and thus be able to arrive at an agreement, the Duke suggested a minuet. Could not Their Majesties



dance! Then he would show them. And while the kings shambled about the pavilion in most ludicrous fashion, he pranced and capered the correct steps, singing the while, complete instructions.

After the kings had mastered the principles of this art, and, as I fear, in the practice thereof, offended Her Grace, the Duchess, there entered no less a person than the Grand Inquisitor. He was dressed in black, as befitted his office, and in ponderous and deliberate tones announced that he had in his power the Royal Foster-Mother, who, after a little more persuasion, would reveal the identity of the King.

Upon this Casilda fell a-lamenting her fate, and, resenting the mercenary suggestions of the Inquisitor, who insisted that regal pomp was vastly more preferable than married bliss, sang most divinely of the depth of a woman's heart and man's inability to comprehend it.

She had scarce concluded when there entered the whole court, closely followed by men-at-arms, who had in their custody a portly dame whom I rightly judged to be the Foster-Mother. In tones humble and penitent she made a full confession, stating that neither of the gondoliers were the rightful heir, that the true King was lately in the service of the Duke of Plaza-Toro and now stood at the back of the assemblage. The whole court turned, and, behold, the Duke's lowly drummer, magnificent in ermines and scarlet, was ascending the throne! Great was Cassilda's joy, great the joy of the assemblage, but greater still was the joy of the gondoliers.

All the lovers fell a-caressing each other with the utmost tenderness, while the entire court burst into song. It grew louder and louder and louder, when there came a rending crash, and I found myself sprawling on the floor of the Tavern of the Three Saints.

Aspirations

Oh, P. N. S., I long to leave you,
To go to a rural school
Where little urchins wait my coming
To teach them all the Golden Rule.

I'll tell them why the sun arises
In the East and not the West,
And the date Constantinople
Fell by warlike Moors oppressed.

I'll make them eat sufficient calories,
And wash their chubby hands;
I'll have them count by 5's and 7's,
And quickly read with large eye-spans.

I'll have them trained to dance the Polka,
With grace perform the Irish Jig,
I'll have them learn the tonic sol-fa,
And eat hot lunches to grow big.

G. H.



The Schools and the Musical Festival Movement

AT the time of writing, the second annual Victoria Musical Festival has just ended, after a most successful series of competitions. This festival has presented us with a problem that is worthy of our fullest consideration: Is the festival movement of true value to the teaching of music in schools?

That it is so considered by many is proved by the fact that there were thirty-eight entries in the classes for school choirs from educational institutions in this vicinity, in addition to entries from other organizations and localities. But before coming to a decision on the matter, it would be well to consider the aim of musical instruction in schools.

Music, in one form or another, has been on the school curriculum since the days of Pericles, at first, possibly only as a means to an end—the study and understanding of the great poetry of the Ancients. Later, in mediaeval days, when learning was in the hands of the clergy, such music was taught as would permit the chanting of the offices of the Church. Of course, there was a freer type of musical expression amongst the laity—minstrels and such—but it existed in spite of, and apart from the educational system of the day, and was, so to speak, an extra-curricular activity. However, from the inception of the Renaissance the art came into its own, and he who could not hold his own in part-singing at sight “was no gentleman.” In our time music has ceased to connote gentility or breeding, and while the millionaire who knows not fugue from descant buys a box at the opera in which to snooze, coal miners and chicken-farmers are to be found reading odd scraps of sol-fa over lunch-pails or supper table. Both groups are valuable to the advancement of the art, and such conditions only go to prove the universality of music. And when any movement becomes universal it is time for schools to take notice of it. Hence we have aim number one.

The next aim that comes to mind is purely cultural—to acquaint our children with the treasures of the old masters and the best of our modern productions, and further, to train them in true appreciation and worthy interpretation.

The third aim, possibly the most important, is social in its application. Musical training and expression is a potent factor in character-building which will increase in value as modern conditions of life become increasingly hectic. It has been said, “Teach the child to sing in school and save teaching him a trade in gaol” (a saying which may or may not be literally true, but conveys the idea very well).

The Musical Festival movement has contributed largely to the attainment of these aims, through intensifying the training given in schools. In former times the subject was taught excellently in some schools, poorly in others and almost ignored in many; but now, the city school that cannot produce two or more choirs for competition is suspected of Bolshevism or Spoonerism or both! This is all very fine, but there is a wasp lurking in the sandwich. One school, to my knowledge, and I have no reason to believe that it stands alone in this respect, touched nothing but Festival test-pieces between Christmas and mid-April. In each class, it is true, the two songs were finely polished, and the school ranked high in the competitions, but at what cost? The children were utterly “fed up” on their monotonous diet, and in some cases have lost all interest in any music but trash. Furthermore, the time spent in perfecting the test pieces could well have been employed in widening the children’s experience in matters musical, and introducing to them more of the world’s vast store of worthy material.



Here is the crux of the matter. If the Musical Festival has aroused an interest in vocal expression where none existed before, it has been of value, but if it has held the attention of participants for months on end to two songs alone, it has seriously affected its own end. Therefore, we suggest to prospective teachers that they use the competitive spirit of the Festival to aid them in their work, but that they do not let it take the whole stage. We might also suggest to the Festival authorities that the test pieces for schools be not announced until, say, six weeks before the event. The actual rendition of test pieces at the Festival might suffer a little, but the effect on music as taught in our schools would benefit in the end.

L. C. CURTIS.

The spiritual effects of being a car owner are not, I notice, entirely beneficial. Introspection and the conversation of other motorists have shown me, indeed, that car-owning may have the worst effect on the character. To begin with, every car-owner is a liar. He cannot tell the truth about his machine. He exaggerates the number of miles he goes to the gallon of petrol, his prowess as a hill-climber. In the heat of conversation I myself have erred in this respect, more than once; and even coolly with malice aforethought, I have given utterance on this subject, to frigid and calculated lies. They do not weigh very heavily on my conscience. I am no casuist, but it seems to me that a lie which one tells, expecting nobody to believe it, is venial. The motorist, like the fisherman, never really supposes that his vaunts will be believed. Myself, I have long ceased to give the slightest credit to anything my fellow-motorists may tell me.—*Aldous Hunley.*

* * *

Everywhere the human soul stands between a hemisphere of light and another of darkness on the confines of two everlasting hostile empires—Necessity and Free Will.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

* * *

We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did;" and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.—*Isaak Walton.*

The Gulls

The gulls fly by in the morning,
The gulls fly by to the sea,
Flying into the sunrise,
Waking a longing in me.

I long to sail in a glowing ship
With sails wide-spread and free,
To lands with names like mysteries
That cast a spell o'er me.

I long to sail to the lilt of the waves,
And the songs they sing to me,
To lands beyond the sunrise,
Away across the sea.

J. M. T.



An Epic

We could not call this an epic because an epic is a narrative poem, the theme of which is heroic. Nor could we call it an epoch, which is a period of time characterized by a series of important events. Now this is a recording of a series of more or less important events, together with some very heroic actions, so we have called it an epic.

CHAPTER I

1. And it came to pass that in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven, there came into the school called Normal a new tribe.
2. And these were called Normalites, and many were the trials thereof.

CHAPTER II

1. And even as they entered, they chose among themselves a High Priest of the name of Bail-ee. And they set him up as head of the tribe of Literites, which was the strongest of all the tribes of the Normalites.
2. And the Athleticks did likewise, and so also did the Dramaticks.
3. And it came to pass that the High Prophet of all the Normalites said unto them:
4. "It has been decreed that the feast days of Christmas shall be shortened by half."
5. And there arose much lamentation, and a cry, as of one man, went up from the multitude.

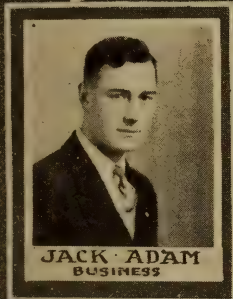
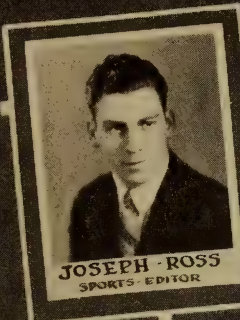
CHAPTER III

1. And it came to pass that in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight, the Normalites came once more unto the school called Normal.
2. And the High Priest had gone, so the multitude did choose another.
3. One, Shadbolt, was chosen as High Priest of the Literites, and one Gwen as High Priestess, and one Norma as Scribe and Keeper of the Treasures.
4. And the Athleticks and the Dramaticks did likewise.

CHAPTER IV

1. And it came to pass that the Athleticks went down unto battle.
2. But the multitude fell from the way of the Lord, and it cared naught for the Athleticks and their battles.
3. Then one Dick, the son of Lean, who was Spokesman of the Athleticks, waxed wrath and he smote his palms and chid the Literites and the Dramaticks.
4. And they took heed, and went down unto battle with the Athleticks, and cheered them.
5. And it came to pass that the Normalites went down unto battle against the Nanaimoines.
6. And they did battle against them, and the Nanaimoines went back unto their own land, and great was the rejoicing among the Normalites.
7. But the Nanaimoines and all the tribes of the land rose up against the Normalites, and the Normalites went back unto their own land, and communed among themselves.
8. And the first High Prophet and the second High Prophet forbade the Normalites to go down unto battle, for so it was ordained by the commandments of the Athleticks.
9. And they did not gain the promised land, and great was their grief thereof.

ESTHER BALLOU.





The Society of the Mystic Hat

PERHAPS no organization in our midst has served as a greater incentive to punctuality at our morning assemblies than the Society of the Mystic Hat. Undoubtedly this state of affairs is directly traceable to the unfaltering punctuality of that Society's leader. Perhaps no similar organization has before existed in an institution which graces the name of Normal School; and yet no other of our organizations would prove so difficult to describe—for neither adjective nor adverb, line nor paragraph would alone do justice. No medium of expression, either wholly sane or wholly insane would alone characterize that indefinable departure from the routine, that levity, that inexpressible charm of personality so typical of a Mystic Hat performance. To miss one would be an omission for which sheer amusement could not atone.

Musical talent, to-day, is admittedly rare. In the light of this conclusion the Society of the Mystic Hat found its birth, and since its inception has more than justified its inspiration; for certainly, after hearing one of its performances, one does very forcibly realize the truth—musical talent is rare!

In spite of this apparent handicap, however, the Society has revealed splendid possibilities. Its renditions have been delicate in their creative originality. Its themes have been admirably well chosen to suit both its own capacity and that of its appreciative audience; and its soloists—the cracked soprano in particular—have set a standard which must surely bear the test of time. From a humble beginning they have risen with unwavering success to be an indispensable addition to our vocal aspirations, possessing, as they do, a seemingly endless repertoire, ranging in volume from the dainty Russian "Schnieze" to the consummate grandeur of a Turkish court scene, "Kafoozalum."

A brief résumé would be of interest.

In its inaugural performance the Society presented "The Cannibal King" in commemoration of the gridiron glories of its accompanist. Such popular numbers as "Skinnimirink," "Three Black Crows" and "The Steamer Steamed Away" followed in rapid succession, each with redoubled applause. "Johnny Verbeck" was delightfully executed, while "Mary's Little Lamb" was carried out with the utmost feeling and sympathy. The "Hallelujah Chorus," though difficult, was a tribute to Muse of Music. "Chewing Gum" exhibited a graceful elasticity, while such rollicking selections as "It Is the Oar" and "My Bonnie" were warmly received. Other delightful renditions included "The Ship's Chanty," and "Tiny Seed of Love."

Nor must we forget the crowning glory of their efforts. What would a Normal School concert be now without their inclusion in the programme? A mere bag of holes—a void. From the opening bars of the "Cannibal King" they worked in unison to reach a crashing climax; and then, in deathly silence, they triumphed in "Three Wandering Jews." Yet barely had these strains passed away when off they went again, breathing an anti-climax, different, more splendid, more gripping than the first. Wonder of wonders—coming from afar—the rapturous song a canary, swelling, waning, growing louder and more intense—until it burst.

And then, the delusion over, they left the stage. The Mystic Hat had scored again!



Musical Activities

ON coming here last September, the majority of us had a very vague conception of music. Perhaps only one or two genuinely appreciated the art, for in this age of jazz and free verse the average student has little opportunity of becoming familiar with the works of the great masters. In fact, the word "Classical" was a danger signal and a warning that "deep stuff" was in the offing. Consequently, our early musical efforts had a distinctly West African flavour, a jangling flashiness reminiscent of Christie minstrels. As time went on, however, *The Orderly Song* and other such ditties gave place to *Three* and a few well-chosen *Chansons*. These, in their turn, were displaced by Coleridge-Taylor's *Viking Song* and the *Pilgrim's Chorus* from *Tannhauser*.

In short, within the space of a few months we had developed a taste and an "ear," as the saying goes, for good music. We would pause here, however, lest it might appear that our musical enthusiasm has led us to blow our own trumpet, to point out that this rapid transition and change reflects very little credit upon ourselves. It is entirely due to our very able instructor, Mr. Wickett, who has the happy knack of teaching the mechanics of his subject without making it dull and distasteful, and, at the same time, of imparting his own appreciation and enthusiasm.

In consequence of this growing enthusiasm, it was thought fitting that some sort of musical evening be given. Accordingly, under the supervision of our music instructor, a concert or musical evening entitled *An Evening with Shakespeare* was staged. This consisted of a lecture on Shakespearian music, illustrated by songs and a short scene from one of Shakespeare's plays. Mr. Wickett's familiarity with the poet's works and his knowledge of Elizabethan music provided us with a fund of valuable information and pleasure. To those students who took part in the singing and acting, great credit is due for their excellent performance.

At Easter, another concert was given by both the Normal and Model schools, the programme consisting of songs and dances. The Misses Scanlan, Baron and Coursier are to be congratulated on the excellent performances of the Model School children.

Unreal Hours

Blue sky, strong wind, sunlight coming, going;
Scent of flowers from the fields, faintly blowing.
I feel the sun, I hear the wind,
I know the perfume of the flowers,
My feet are on the good, brown earth,
But—these are unreal hours!

We raced along the cliffs—the wind and I;
The sunlight dazzled down out of a blue, blue sky
Into a blue, gold-cruised sea—
Sun—wind—a sense of unreality.

J. M. T.



A T many educational institutions the Friday afternoon session is not remarkably successful from the pedagogical standpoint. Books are uninviting and learning a dreary process after the week's work. The student's mind, or soul, or neurones, or whatever you like, craves something fresh—something that will provide a happy relaxation. At Normal, however, Friday afternoon has been anticipated with pleasure and interest. This is due to the fact that it has been devoted to the Literary Society, an organization whose membership embraces the entire student body. The society's activities being in no way confined to Literary subjects, music, acting (of a light nature) and lectures on instructive and interesting topics have contributed to the variety of its programmes. Interest and a healthy rivalry have been stimulated by the stipulation that each class should provide in its turn an entertainment.

As has been the custom of former years, the executive, which consisted of president, Mr. A. Bailey; vice-president, Miss B. Allan; secretary-treasurer, Mr. J. McDonald, and the class representatives, the Misses Elva MacLean, Eleanor Heaney, Ethel Reay and Mr. S. Pettit, provided the first programme. This consisted of readings, recitations and a talk on modern poetry.

During the first term the society had the privilege of hearing Miss Brown and Captain St. Clair. Miss Brown spoke on that splendid organization, the National Junior Red Cross, and Captain St. Clair delivered an address on Justinian.

With the new term came a new executive. Mr. J. Shadbolt was elected president, Miss G. Cowper, vice-president, and Miss N. Schroeder, secretary-treasurer. Those elected as class representatives were the Misses Marjorie Sutherland, Ethel House, Leola Brown and Mr. J. McDonald.

As before a series of programmes was provided in turn by the four classes. These were chiefly of a literary and musical nature. At times numerous sketches dealing with local topics were given. These were well received and proved to be a successful innovation.

Captain St. Clair very kindly addressed us, his subject then being "Mary, Queen of Scots." Mr. Dennison of the Gonzales Observatory spoke on "The Climate of B. C." This lecture proved to be both profitable and interesting. Many students have accepted Mr. Dennison's kind invitation to his Observatory. A most interesting lantern lecture on India was given by Mr. Chave. Mr. Chave's enthusiasm for his subject and his wide experiences in the East, together with his splendid slides, made this more than a lecture. It was, indeed, a trip to India.

To Mr. Freeman, whose advice and support have contributed so largely to its successes, the Society is very grateful, and wishes him every success with the Literary Society of 1928-29.

NORMA SCHROEDER, Secretary.



Personals

Class A

BETTY ALLAN (Victoria)

Betty is perhaps even better as a student than as an athlete, and yet as an athlete she is only excelled by her indefatigable zeal in matters social. These qualities, combined with a charming modesty, make her one of the most indispensable members of the institution. Needless to say, Betty is a graduate of Victoria College.

BESSIE ARCHER (Victoria)

Quiet? Who said Bessie was quiet? Class "A" has come to the bright conclusion that Bessie is quiet only when she isn't talking to Anne Watson, which is whenever Anne talks!

ESTHER BALLOU (Victoria)

Another outstanding super-normal Normal student! Never can it be said of Esther that she thinks little, talks much but says nothing.

BEVERLY BRIEN (Victoria)

Not too good, nor too bad,
Not too lively, nor too dull,
But a student?
Yes, a student (?)
And a "sport"!

Twice elected Athletic Representative.

BETTY CALDWELL (Summerland)

We think Betty is "Caldwell" because of her insatiable curiosity.

MARGARET I. CLARK (Nanaimo)

Margaret has been a martyr to questions in class and to that well-known command: "Miss Clark! Step out and give a five minute review."

MARY CLARK (Victoria)

A Mary quite contrary, who studies and thinks, who talks but works, and who is present whenever needed—even at roll call! Our representative on the Debating and Dramatic Society.

GWENLLYIAN E. COWPER (Victoria)

Gwen has proved herself an outstanding student (?)—teacher (?) in more ways than one. Also, Normal seems to have had a broadening effect upon her (mentally, morally, and—). 10:30 a.m. daily:

"Oh where, oh where has my little lunch gone?
Oh where, oh where can it be?"

ALICE COX (Victoria)

Vice-president of the Debating and Dramatic Society and a general favorite among those who know her well! Noted for her never-ending supply of new and original answers to questions.

ALICE M. CURTIS (Slocan)

Wanted: A book to read! All contributions thankfully received. Reading and lengthy discussions and arguments, about everything and nothing, seem to be Alice's greatest source of pleasure. (What taste!)

ANNE CURTS (Kelowna)

A lady, athletic and fair.



RUBY WILKIN



RUTH ASFELTER



ELVA MELLAN



NANCY McEWAN



KATHERINE DANE



IDA WILSON



MARTHA MCKAY



BETTY McMILLAN



GWEN COWTER



VIOLET GUY



EDNA PEARMAIN

Class 'A' 1928



EDNA PARKIN



ELLEN ROBINSON



MARGUERITE LEMM



BEVERLY BRIAN



MARY CLARK



ALICE COX



ANNE WATSON



BETTY WARDEN



IRENE McAULAY



JEAN TRAVIS



ANNIE CURTIS



ANNE PRESCOTT



ESTHER BAIJOU



ALICE CURTIS



GRACE HEWLETT



BETTY CALDWELL



FLORENCE JONES



THELMA HUNTER



GERTRUDE LOCHORT



M. SUTHERLAND



BESSIE ARCHER



ALTA LEWIS



ETHEL SPITZ



MARGARET FRASEN



NORMA SCHROEDER



EMMIE POORD



MARGARET CLARK



BETTY ALLAN



KATHRYN DANE (Victoria)

Kay is a faithful follower of Betty Mac's. She has a gift for arriving one-half second too soon to be marked late.

MARGARET FRASER (Enderby)

Though Margaret is seldom heard, her winning way and winsome manner endear her to all her associates—who are many.

ESME FOORD (Kamloops)

We have heard of Fords conveying teachers to school, but this is the first time we've heard of one conveying knowledge to pupils.

VIOLET GUY (Victoria)

Violet is a proof of what Victoria can produce. Generally speaking, this young lady is generally speaking. Naturally, since she was Vice-President of the Debating and Dramatic Society for the first term, and is on the Annual this term!

GRACE HEWLETT (Westbank)

Thou hast not many inches, but thou art marvellously proper, save when thou allowest thine humor to break forth.

THELMA HUNTER (Ladysmith)

For she was just the quiet kind whose nature never varies.

FLORENCE JONES (Ladysmith)

Short and plump, and firm of dome,
In the gym she's right at home.

RITA LEMM (Victoria)

Quality, not quantity, here. In the auditorium we strive to hear, in the back of the room, your voice, my dear.

ALTA LEWIS (Kelowna)

A really hard worker, and, a little bird whispers, quite a clever cartoonist.

GERTRUDE LOCHORE (Penticton)

Gertie manages to combine "that schoolgirl complexion" and "that schoolboy figure" very successfully. No one notices, however, anything of "that schoolma'am manner" about her!

MARGARET McASTOCKER (Penticton)

The safest way to pronounce her name is just to sneeze. Mac seems to find life hugely amusing.

IRENE MacAULAY (Silverton)

Irene is the one really quiet member of Class "A." But there never was a better illustration of "still waters run deep."

But still we gaze, and still the wonder grows,
That one red head can carry all she knows.

AGNES McEWAN (Duncan)

Nancy's voice has more than once saved the "Lit." reputation of Class "A" besides delighting all her listeners.

MARTHA McKAY (Enderby)

Martha is our personification of determination. If she wants to know a thing, know it she will, despite all obstacles.

ELVA MacLEAN (Victoria)

Elva managed our Literary activities excellently during the first term. Her imposing mien ought to make her a successful teacher.



ELIZABETH MACMILLAN (Victoria)

Elizabeth needs, perhaps, an introduction, but "Betty Mac" needs none! Despite the fact that the statement seems open to debate, we maintain that the responsibilities of her position have made some impression on Betty. (We knew her well in the days of her youth.)

EDNA PARKIN (Ladysmith)

One of our few flaxen heads. She tries to rival Irene MacAulay in regard to unobtrusiveness, but she has a long way to go before she succeeds.

EDNA PEARMAIN (Victoria)

Our "Sleeping Beauty," is another proof that Victoria can and does produce many pretty girls! She is not such a "sleeping" beauty at that.

ANNE PRESCOTT (Salmon Arm)

I saunter, saunter on my way
Searching, searching every day.

What's wrong? Why, don't you know? Anne used to be our star basketballer, but she misplaced her knee-cap and is still looking for it.

ELLEN ROBINSON (Nelson)

Ellen's hair may be red, but she can tickle the ivories pink. She is a recurring decimal in Class "A" Lits.

NORMA SCHROEDER (Victoria)

Norma is secretary of the Lit., and she keeps the "minutes" up to the dot. Her quickness of speech is exceeded only by her quickness of action. These same actions include anything from the Irish jig to primary projects.

ETHEL SPEERS (Cranbrook)

Ethel personified "Innocence" for a Lit. performance, but we didn't allow the audience to sit too near the front lest it be discovered that it was only a personification.

MARJORIE SUTHERLAND (Penticton)

Padge has brought a bit of the sunny Okanagan spirit to Normal. She is a very successful Literary representative, and loves to count how many different words there are in the letters she receives!

JEAN TRAVIS (Victoria)

A dancer, slim and graceful,
A warbler seldom seen,
An artist on the Annual,
A girl whose name is Jean.

BETTY WARDEN (Trail)

Another Betty? Yes, but as individual as the rest. Betty has a new recipe for White Sauce. Just ask her about it.

ANNE WATSON (Victoria)

The girl with the perpetual smile, and one of our noted artists.

RUBY WILKIN (Victoria)

Ruby is our jazz artist. If you want to find her just follow your ears.

IDA WILSON (Kelowna)

Ida's chief aim in life (apart from lesson plans) seems to be to make Betty Caldwell keep her lunch till the proper time. A fair maiden who can be very witty when she wants to, but doesn't want to as often as we'd like.



Class B

DELPHA BARRETT (Rolla)

Delpha is the oracle of Class B. She has a vast store of general knowledge which, fortunately, she divulges when the class is mentally embarrassed by a question volleyed from one of the instructors. This alone is not Delpha's only achievement—we are often envious of her artistic talent.

PHILMONE BELANGER (Cranbrook)

"Phil Belonger," sometimes even called "blamange," is our wee French lady. Whether Parisienne or not she reads the Cranbrook news regularly during classes. She is well known for her frank friendliness, which is a charm not owned by all, and by her inclination to be over-loquacious at times.

MARGARET E. CLARK (Saanich)

Margaret is our baby and one "we'd" hate to lose. She mixes common sense with pleasure and prudence with mirth.

EDITH CLEAVE (Kaslo)

Our bonnie Highland lass from Kaslo, who occasionally appears in kilts. Never mind, Edith, the "Scotties" there must be of an unusual type. Edith's blush is beautiful but sometimes a little inconvenient.

EDITH CRAWFORD (Creston)

Edith is another of Class B's pianists and enlivens many a dull moment for us:

"Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes."

ETHEL DOUGLAS (Victoria)

Ethel is an energetic student and one of those modest, unobtrusive, dark-eyed, romantic, gypsy, queen-like types.

EDYTHE DUNN (Victoria)

Softly as the Summer breezes come the tintinabulations of Edythe's automatic tongue. We shall remember her for her interpretation of "Claire." Also for her accomplishments as an exponent in terpsichorean art.

"Oh give me new figures, I can't go on dancing
The same that were taught me ten seasons ago."

DOROTHY VIOLET FLICK (Victoria)

Violet excels in physical "jerks" and can be easily distinguished on the hockey field by her auburn rope. Altogether a jocular and carefree lass, who, with mock study and fixed eye on her swimming music book, often suffers us to listen to her lusty vocal emanations. Answers to "Flick," "Hick" or "Flicker."

EILEEN FRENEY (Rossland)

Eileen finds the strain of living up to the reputation established at Normal by her older sisters almost too much for her, but she's doing it nobly, and we expect to see her come through with flying colors in June.

MARION E. GREGORY (Millstream)

Molly, otherwise known as the champion sprinter, for she walks at sixty per, was Class B's "rep" on the Debating and Dramatic Society last term. Molly has a striking personality, amazing good humor, and is frequently troubled with an infectious gurgle which is called a laugh.

ELEANOR J. HALBAUER (Needles)

Eleanor like Normal? I'll say she does—especially some of the work we have to do. She became so enthused over "First Model in Feb. 1st," for instance, that it spurred her on to further efforts. To what? Well, if you want to know, ask Eleanor.



BERTHA PHILLIPS



AGNES ROBMAN



M. HARMOUTH



MARY WELCH



PHIL BELANGER



ETHEL DOUGLAS



KATHARINE FELTZ



FUREL STEVES



ETHEL HOUSH



ESSIE OAKES



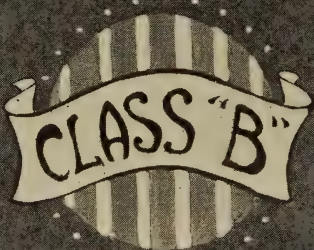
CONSTANCE WELCH



MAY ROBINSON



CLARA WARD



AUDREY TOOLEY



FLORA RICHARDS



ELLEN LEWIS



MARY MALL



ELEANOR HEALEY



EDYTHE DUNN



ELMA SARGENT



GWEN LANG



DOROTHY HOPKINS



BETTY KERR



DOROTHY FLICK



LILLIAN HUNT



EDITH CLAVI



PEARL HASLAM



EDWINA SMITH



E. HALBAUER



EUNICE SLOANE



AMY KING



HAZEL FELTZ



M. MICHELSON



MARY WALKER



E. CRAWFORD



MOLLY GREGORY



MARY CLARK



PEARL HASLAM (Vancouver)

Pearl's brightest moments come when she hears, "Now, Miss Haslam, five minutes' good work with the class," and who could resist her command, "Attention! !"? Not Class B, anyway!

ELEANOR L. HEANEY (Victoria)

Eleanor is a native daughter of Victoria, which speaks pretty well for this city. She is one of Class B's firmest supports—always there when she's needed and always ready to lend a helping hand.

DOROTHY M. HOPKINS (Enderby)

We're just wondering what's going to happen when Dorothy gets some unruly six-foot pupil to handle, but we don't need to worry, because Dorothy doesn't. "I'll just look at him," she says, and we all know how effective looking can be sometimes—let's shudder for the unruly six-footer!

ETHEL A. HOUSE (Fort William)

"Oh where did you get those brains?
Where did you get such pep?
Where did you get that sunny smile—?"

Ethel is Class B's representative for Lit.—clever, energetic and always glad to help others.

LILLIAN F. HUNT (West Summerland)

Lil seems to have come in for a number of disasters since she came to Normal School, just one thing after another, but we notice that she still knows how to smile in spite of them all. It won't be long now, Lil—keep right on smiling!

KATHERINE M. KEEBLE (Lytton)

Katie verifies the statement that good things come in small parcels. Always smiling and ever hopeful, she hasn't missed one rugby game. Good stuff, Katie!

BETTY C. KERR (Trail)

Hail to Betty, the champion sprinter and broad-jumper of Trail! Betty hasn't had a chance to do her stuff at Normal yet, but, when she does, we're all going to sit up and take notice.

AMY G. KING (Enderby) "Hail to thee, blithe spirit."

Amy is possessed of an insatiable curiosity (among other things), and we venture to say that if the ability to ask questions determines pedagogical achievement, Amy's success is assured. She has a cheery smile and a lovely voice and makes lavish use of both. Many a Lit. programme has been made just that much better because of Amy.

GWENDOLYN LANG (Victoria)

Gwen: Just another home product that is always in demand. Fort William may claim her, but we brought her up, and possession is nine points of the law. Keep on singing, Gwen, we can stand all we get and then some. She's cheerful even when it comes to posters!

MARION E. LEARMOUTH

Marion hails from Creston. She's a quiet, unobtrusive person—always, in class! We aren't prepared to say whether this is her chronic state or not; however, a good student and firm friend, Marion's success as a teacher is inevitable.

ELLEN V. G. LEWIS (Cranbrook) "Oh, Lud, Sir Peter!"

Nelly can usually be found in the library poring over formidable volumes. This would tend to explain the knowledge she so lavishly dispenses to the mutual benefit of Class B. Besides her philanthropy, Nelly has literary ability, and abundant good nature, all of which are duly appreciated. *Bon chance, Nell.*



MARY MALLI (Ladysmith)

One of our quiet girls, except in Mr. Denton's periods, where she pipes up with amazing gusto. Mary is an active advocate of the MacLean Method, and lives in constant dread of another singing lesson. A conscientious worker, we expect much of Mary in her chosen vocation.

MYRTLE S. NICHOLSON (Ladysmith)

Myrtle's blue (?) eyes and demure expression are somewhat misleading—she isn't really as quiet as she seems. (But we won't tell tales.) Besides, we are quite convinced that Myrt will make a wonderfully efficient schoolmarm.

ESMA H. OAKES (Kelowna)

Essie's prestige lies in the fact that she has never missed a Rugby game, rain or shine. She's just as inevitable (and as indispensable) in all Class B's plays. Role: The debonair sheik. Essie combines work and play discriminately—and is a general favorite.

BERTHA PHILLIPS (Nanaimo)

Wales is famous for its singers—so is Normal. Bertha migrated many years ago, coming to her present home, Nanaimo. Serious, but not too serious, a good student and willing helper, Bertha has won an enviable place in our midst.

FLORA L. RICHARDS (Victoria)

Flora is a diminutive person with a pleasing drawl and a tendency to be absent at Roll Call occasionally. Flora was born in Grand Forks, but it's a State secret. Pastime: Sprinting after the street car on a Wednesday morn.

MAY B. ROBINSON (Victoria)

May is one of our Will-o'-the-Wisps—here one day and absent the next. Nevertheless, she is one of those genuine and obliging individuals who is always ready to help anyone at any time.

AGNES G. ROSSMAN (Trail)

One of the most active members of our basketball team. If her teaching displays the same skill as her basketball, we need have no doubts as to Agnes' future.

EUNICE E. SLOAN (Kelowna)

One of our few quiet members.

"Now that I'm eighteen, I'm as clever as clever
I want to stay eighteen for ever and ever."

(With apologies to the author of "Now We Are Six.")

EDWINA H. SMITH (Trail)

"Ed." spends most of her spare time drawing in autographs. Her originality stands out in this as in other lines, and especially in Primary work.

MURIEL STEEVES (Oliver)

Muriel is our musical genius. Some people interpret persons and events with the paint brush, others with the pen, but Muriel does it with the piano keys. Remember that Irish Lit. programme?

AUDREY TOOLEY (Victoria)

"Pat," as she is known to most of us, always seems more at home in Folk Dancing periods than most of us. The intricacies of the "Irish Washerwoman" hold no fears for her.

"A dancing shape, an image gay."

MARY B. WALKER (Cumberland)

We wonder how she manages to keep so quiet in all sorts of weather and work. Who can say that "silence" is always masculine?



CLARA WARD (Nanaimo)

We all envy Clara her superior knowledge of the geography of the Island. Lumbering, coal mining, or salting herring—she can tell us all about it. Why weren't more of us born in Nanaimo?

CONSTANCE I. WELCH (Okanagan Landing)

We have never found Connie with her work unfinished. She draws most intricate maps and excels in Primary work.

MARY C. WELCH (Victoria)

The captain of our basketball team and a budding athlete. Mary's activities are not confined to Basketball—Grass Hockey and Ping-pong also figure largely in her school life.

Class C

EFFIE ADEY (Sandwick)

Effie has not had her hair bobbed. She evidently does not intend to pass her examinations in June with a close shave.

EDITH ALM (Kaslo)

"The flower of all the West, and all the World."

Very original. We wonder if Kaslo is really the metropolis of the west?

GRACE BALL (Comox)

A very quiet little lady who evidently believes that "Silence is the best noise."

LEOLA BROWN (Salmon Arm)

Known as "Red" or "Brownie." She never does today what she can do tomorrow.

"Her sunny locks hang on her temple like a golden fleece."

MYRTLE BROWN (Salmon Arm)

"Oh, Myrt, where did you get those eyes?" What would Myrt do without Kay? Same as Kay would do without Myrt.

EVA BURN (Revelstoke) "Still waters run deep."

She has a keen sense of humor and appreciates a joke, especially if it is on Reay.

EVELYN CAREY (Cumberland)

"Few things have failed to which I set my hand. I do my most and best."

FRANCES CLEMENTS (Peachland)

"High flight had she of song and trill
And so her tongue lay never still."

One of the live-wires of Class C.

PHYLLIS DODD (Princeton)

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill."

We always know when Phil is present.

JANET DRUMMOND (Armstrong)

Janet is just as essential to Class C as Class C is to the Normal—and that is the highest compliment that we could possibly pay anyone.

KATHLEEN ECKLAND (Salmon Arm)

Tall and fair, with deep blue eyes—that's Kay.

"Her sunny smile and winsome ways,
Could cheer the saddest heart."

ROSEMARIE EXTER (Kaslo)

The gods certainly showered their gifts upon Rose. Artistic, brainy and beautiful, she has proved herself more than a decoration to the staff of the Anecho.



J. LEVESQUE



D. URQUHART



K. ECKLAND



MYRTLE BROWN



LOIS HOOVER



OTHELIE OLSON



WINNIE GREIDER



GRACE BALL



Z. MOßSOP



ETHEL REAY



D. SCHOLLEFIELD



LEOLA BROWN



EFFIE ADEY



ROSE EXTER



EDITH ALM



RUTH HESSE



FLORENCE LEROY



ELEANOR SMITH



J. DRUMMORD



EVA BURN



GRACE SHIELL



M. SCHOLLEFIELD



ELVIE WATSON



M. HARRIGAN



SYLVIA GEORGE



MARJORIE KNAUF



NELLIE KNIGHT



M. SANBORN



MARJORIE SMITH



IRENE JONES



ELIZABETH MRUS



CONSTANCE GAMIE



M. HALLORAN



EMILY WOOD



E. CLIFFLIN



JOYCE MOORE



E. WEYDERT



EVELYN CAREY



PHYLLIS DODD



CONSTANCE GAME (Armstrong)

"Small and dainty, slim and neat,
Hard would be these charms to beat.
Yet Connie has them, every one,
Along with laughter, joy and fun."

BETTY GEORGE (New Denver)

"Betty George in our Class C,
With eyes as shining as can be,
Hair so dark, skin so fair,
Great at art, and not too smart—
We surely need our Betty there."

WINNIE GREENER (Oak Bay, Victoria)

Fair hair and blue eyes—that's Winnie.

"I know what's right, nor only so,
But also practice what I know."

MILDRED HALLORAN (Cedar, Near Nanaimo)

"I used to think I knew I knew,
But now I must confess,
The more I know I know I know
I know I know the less."

MINNIE HARRIGAN (Cumberland)

Curly hair and fond of sports.

"She hath a why for every wherefore."

RUTH HESSE (Grand Forks)

Though Ruth is slim she may be described as the shadow of Knight.

"She has the graceful calm and poise
Of life that waits and wills."

LOIS HOOVER (Kamloops)

"Happy and from care I'm free,
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

IRENE JONES (Union Bay)

She's one of the few in our class who talks least and thinks most, but we've heard her ask:

"Oh, why should life all labour be?"

MARJORIE KNAUF (Harrop)

Six feet of Marjorie isn't too much; if there was more we would want it. We are told that her dominant feature is her hair, but we beg to differ. It may be beautiful, but her smile surpasses everything else.

NELLIE KNIGHT (Grand Forks)

Does she like to have her picture taken? Just ask Nellie—she'll tell you all about it. She and Ruth are a typical example of "the inseparable pair."

FLORENCE LeROY (Michel)

"Precise and sympathetic
Is this tall auburn lass.
Tell her naught of 'pence and shillings,'
For they are memories of the past!"

JEANNE LEVESQUE (Trail)

Natural?—Well, I should say!

"I chatter, chatter as I work,
To keep up with my neighbors;
The smiles that on their faces lurk
Repay me for my labours."

JOYCE MOORE (Creston)

"A girl, capable, artistic and kind,
Who helps us leave our cares behind."

Joyce proves the old saying: "Good things are done up in small parcels."

ELIZABETH MRUS (Ladysmith)

Elizabeth has a cute smile that can soften the hearts of even the stony (?) members of the staff.

"Whatever tempests lure,
Forever silent."



ZIRENE MOSSOP (Victoria)

"Mossy" is popular with everyone, and this, coupled with her ability, makes her an ideal president of the Debating Society. She may be seen at any time cutting graceful curves on the ice at the Arena. But why this popularity?

"'Tis your sweet modesty, and charming manner, too,
That gives a fairy touch to everything you do."

TILLIE OLSEN (Nelson)

"For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath proved herself."

ETHEL REAY (Nanaimo)

Our Reay of sunshine. It may be dull elsewhere, but the sun is always shining in Class C.

"Those who bring sunshine into the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves."

MARY SANBORN (Golden)

Peggy is the sort of girl you can't help liking.

"What objects are the fountains of thy happy strain?"

DAPHNE SCHOFIELD (Victoria)

"Was one too weak—she'd give a lift!
Was humour lacking—she'd lend it!
Was solemnity pervading—she'd end it!"

MARGUERITE SCHOFIELD (Victoria)

"Who does not know our laughing Min,
Whose eyes are never dull or dim?
Mischief is her second name,
This trait has surely brought her fame.
She's won the hearts of all C Class
By helping every needy lass."

GRACE SHIELL (Needles)

"Have you ever seen Grace and a cat at the same time?"
"Why ask? You know I can't look two ways at one time."
"Needles must be a snappy place
If all its girls are like our Grace."

ELEANOR SMITH (Nelson)

Characterized by an unassuming but pleasant manner. A friendly smile for everyone, but not dead to fun.

MARJORIE SMITH (Salmon Arm)

Annie is ever loyal to her home town. She can't see why the Dominion Government didn't build the drydock at Salmon Arm. Annie loves all and is loved by all—even the Normal School cats.

"When e'er she met a stranger she left a friend."

DOROTHY URQUHART (Victoria)

We wonder what the "Anecho" would have been without this versatile young lady? Although Dorothy is not a member of the Editorial staff, her assistance has been great and frequent.

ELVIE WATSON (Silverton)

Dark hair and bewitchingly dark eyes. Elvie knows how to get good marks, and many a time has saved us from a horrible doom in history periods. She also possesses a funny streak.

ELIZABETH WEYDERT (Victoria)

"Lil's a sport and plays the game,
So we know her by her name.
Thoughtful, willing, kind and true
All shine through her eyes of blue."

EMILY WOOD (Victoria)

A cheerful lass of this fair city, known to all as happy Woody. A Basketball star.



Class D

JOHN S. ADAM (Victoria)

Jack is one of the brighter lights in the pedagogical firmament. In the capacity of stage and business manager his efforts have contributed largely to the success of the Dramatic Society.

HARRY CAMPBELL (Kelowna)

Most Kelownians acquit themselves well both in sport and study, and Harry is no exception to the rule. The severe injury which he sustained recently has deprived us of one of our most popular students. We all join in wishing "Pie" a speedy recovery.

BERNARD CARLSON (Enderby)

Able successor to Sergeant Frost! At least, his P. T. record is one of the best, so that bodes well. And when his face takes on that determined look, watch out, because "Carl" is a regular Teuton for doggedness!

VICTOR LENNIE CHAPMAN (Victoria)

"Chappie" never needs to put water on his hair to keep it smooth. The clouds see to that! Keep your eye on him, folks, he's going to make a really awe-inspiring dominie. Motto: "Smother 'em!"

"He bestrides our narrow world like a Colossus."

CECIL CHATFIELD (Esquimalt)

Cece, go into the Dumbells! We notice with pleasure what a wonderful female partner you make in Folk Dancing, so you see, Cece, it's not only—erh'h—that is—we "aussi" are watching you. But when it comes to Rugby, we'll say those dainty fairy footsteps undergo a transformation.

C. STEWART CLARKE (Nanaimo)

Without Frontenac, New France would have been irrevocably lost. Without Mussolini, Italy would be a mere geographical expression. Without Stew, "Anecho" would be non-existent.

AYLMER J. COUSINS (Peachland)

A quiet country gentleman from the Okanagan. After teaching for a year, Aylmer will proceed to Europe, where he will take an advanced course in Folk Dancing.

L. COLIN CURTIS (Victoria)

Colin's travels on land and sea have provided him with a rare fund of wit and wisdom. He is also the possessor of a fine voice, which has contributed largely to Class D's being known as "A nest of singing birds."

FRANCIS R. DAVIES (Victoria)

What the P. N. S. would do without Frank's entertaining personality is hard to say, but we notice that everyone sneaks away when he gets that Rugby look in his eye. Wonder why?

"I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit
'Till I break my shins against it."

GORDON R. DICKSON (Victoria)

Another one of those still waters, but—how deep! "Gord" is a real sport, though, as anyone can tell you, and incidentally the only living rival of President Coolidge where silence is concerned.

HUGH C. FERGUSON (Nanaimo)

Another member of "Anecho's" live-wire business board. Efficiency is Hugh's aspiration, and he is not without success in the achievement thereof.



PHILIP ROSE



ERNEST LIVESLEY



FRANK DAVIES



JOHN McDONALD



HUGH FERGUSON



LEN CHAPMAN



HENRY VOGEL



FRANK THOMPSON



MONTY MORLEY



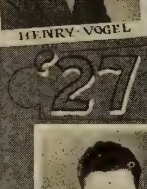
CECIL CHAFFIELD



GORDON DICKSON



JACK ADAM



JOSEPH ROSS

27 Class D 28



HARRY CAMPBELL



COLIN CURTIS



ELDON KNOTT



WILLIAM LUCAS



JOSEPH ROSS



ALAN IVERSON



DICK McLEAN



BERNARD CARLSON



JACK SHADBOLT



SYDNEY PETTIT



CHARLES LENDRUM



JAMES SMITH



CECIL MCLAUGHLIN



CLARENCE RENDLE



STEWART CLARKE



MAURICE WALKER



JACK WALLACE



JAMES JENKINS



PHILIP KITLEY



RALPH THOMAS



HENRY WILSON



AYLMER COUSINS



ERNEST JONES



JACK HANNA



JOHN E. HANNA (Rossland)

Jack is one of the larger vertebrae in the backbone of the Rugby team. He is also an all-round good "scout." Back in Rossland, when they were on a hike and couldn't trail Trail by sight, they smelter—but that's neither here nor there. Since Jack has from the first been well-liked by the Model School pupils, it seems to us a fine indication of a successful career.

K. ALLAN IVERSON (Anywhere in North America)

Allan's experience as a lumberman has rendered him positively neolithic on the Rugby field. Rumor has it that our opponents have demanded that he play blindfolded, with his left hand tied to his right foot.

J. NORMAN JENKINS (Oyama)

Jim, the lad with the smile, is a product of Oyama High School and district. He usually has nothing on his mind, not even a hat.

PHILLIP J. KITLEY (Victoria)

Phil is not merely of the present, but of all time, particularly of the past. We, who have the great good fortune to be visualists, see this young Adonis a Grecian shepherd lad in choral dance with smiling maidens; in the market place, quizzing Socrates; a troubadour in old Provence, sweetening the scented even with his golden melody; or a wandering scholar on the high-roads of Europe, halting at seats of learning to ask questions.

ELDON KNOTT (Victoria)

"Pap" finds the study of English grammar a constant source of bliss and a happy escape from the rigors of Rugby and Basketball. The fact that he does not ride his motorcycle to school regularly is explained by the contract he has entered into with various theatre proprietors to provide music necessary for the realistic presentation of war films.

CHARLES LENDRUM (Langford Lake)

A strong, silent man, who has performed some doughty deeds on the Rugby field.
"Come one, come all."

ERNEST E. LIVESAY (Sidney)

Ernest hails from Sidney Superior and Victoria High Schools. He is from Missouri, so, after reading Peter McArthur's suggestion re bunting calves, he went home and hung a brick on the appropriate place, to the entire satisfaction of all but the calf.

WILLIAM E. LUCAS (Kelowna)

Another all-rounder from the Okanagan. Besides making marks on exams, Bill has established a name for himself in Rugby, Basketball and Dramatics.

J. MONTY MORLEY

Monty is an authority on "Rest and Sleep," having taught some twenty or thirty lessons on the subject. He wishes to express his gratitude to the members of Class D for the spontaneous co-operation they have given him in his researches.

JOHN A. McDONALD (Victoria)

Although John's mastery of the intricacies of debate reminds us of his namesake, we find in him a closer resemblance to the great Carlyle, who passionately exclaimed, "Rest! Rest! shall I not have all Eternity to rest in!" This insatiable craving for labor, then, drove John from his convalescence at Victoria College, and explains his presence here, where we have reason to believe that it has been amply satisfied. His spare time is devoted to the Literary Society, in which he has held two important positions, to debating, acting, writing and to the "Anecho," of which he is literary editor.



CECIL E. McLAUGHLIN (Duncan)

Duncan's only representative in Class D. However, she has nothing to worry about while Cece is looking after her interests.

"A silent man,
Given to much thought and speculation."

RICHARD V. MacLEAN (Kamloops)

This unassuming youth has political aspirations. His activities in the Debating Society and Locker Room discussions indicate a marked oratorical predisposition to which the Boys' Parliament and his position of Publicity Agent for Kamloops have given ample scope.

SYDNEY G. PETTIT (Victoria)

Editor of this Annual—need more be said? Not suggesting, of course, that a lot more could not be said. Far from it! "Syd" is known—nay, notorious—for his Shavian diatribe and Chestertonian paradox, and yet his popularity with the ladies makes us skeptical of his claims of misogyny. If the truth be known, Pettit is a Don Quixote in our midst, with simply the substitution of a wheezy, disgruntled motorbike for the wobbly nag.

G. Y. RAINEY (Victoria)

Ireland's contribution to Class D. As he has only been with us for the last few weeks, we have been unable to publish his photo, but we're sure he doesn't mind that.

CLARENCE RENDLE (Victoria)

Very unobtrusive, but, nevertheless, one whose absence is always lamented. (No reflection on your attendance, Clarence.) If smiles keep the world turning, it certainly must have speeded up since Clarence came to stay.

PHIL ROSE (Victoria)

This athletically-inclined young man came to us from Victoria College. He is distinguished mainly as a member of our men's basketball team, in which capacity "he pulls his weight and a little more." As secretary of the Debating Society this term, he has had a hand in the reformation of our debating methods.

JOE ROSS (Victoria)

Graduate of Victoria High and the hard school of experience. Our leading lyric tenor, Joe made a splendid "Fool" in the Shakespearean programme. He is another of our 'doughty "basketeers" and is prominent in both athletic and social matters.

JACK SHADBOLT (Victoria)

Michelangelo was a painter and sculptor. Our Jack is a painter, actor, debater and athlete. As president of the Athletic and Literary Societies, art editor to "Anecho" and founder of the noble "Order of the Mystic Hat," he has been a dynamic force in the life of the school.

JAMES SMITH (Victoria)

Those who have not heard Jim sing are of the opinion that he is an excellent musician. So he is. His violin solos have been a great feature in the life of the school, and another jewel in the musical crown of Class D.

ERNEST SONES (Regina)

Our animated question-mark, who came in at the end of the first sentence. (Ernie started after Christmas.) He so often has that preoccupied, far-away expression in his blue eyes that one almost suspects him of having a past!

RALPH THOMAS (Penticton)

President of the Athletic Association, Ralph is equally brilliant at Basketball and Ping-pong. He is derived from Penticton via Victoria College, and his favorite indoor sport is making speeches.



FRANK THOMSON

Not William Hale of that ilk—is reported to have seen the inside of Oyama High. He is a Thespian of no mean attainments and a member of the Rugby XV. Said to ride a bike in his weaker moments.

HENRY VOGEL (Enderby)

Henry is our beloved blackboard decorator and the envied originator of the popular slogan, "Yea, Schmidt." Although we have to warn him sometimes against being too Vogel, he is, on the whole, a very indispensable member of Class D.

MAURICE WALKER

Who came from V. H. S. and Victoria College, is a dependable man when there is a job to be done. He is active in both Debating and Dramatics.

JACK WALLACE (Victoria)

The introduction of gardening into our curriculum, we fear, will deprive the profession of one of its most promising members. Jack feels that agriculture must be his life's work, and it is rumored that he is now negotiating the purchase of a farm in Saanich, a district for which he has always evinced a great partiality.

HENRY WILSON (Peachland)

Titanic strength and a remarkable amount of agility, for which he is indebted to Folk Dancing, have rendered Henry a deadly opponent in the Rugby field. He is however, in private life as meek as a lamb—a sober yeoman whose chief delight is the collection of wild flowers, birds' eggs and leaves.



ALBERT BAILEY, B.A.

ALBERT BAILEY, B.A.

It was with the deepest regret on our part that Bert left us at Christmas to complete his training at Vancouver. During the short period of his association with us he proved himself to be an excellent student, sportsman and organizer. As President of the Literary Society he was a dynamic force in the life of the school and his achievements have been a source of inspiration to his successors.



Social Activities

"Come, merry friend, to revels gay."—Horace

At intervals during the past year we have cast aside our books, donned festive garments and betaken ourselves to the revels. At all our merry-makings, picnics, dances and the like, jollity and glee have reigned supreme. Thus the fatigue and *ennui* that have their origin in the tedium of routine have been banished to the dark realms where they belong.

In accordance with an ancient Normal tradition a picnic was held on the 23rd of September at Spoon Bay, whither the student body trekked *en masse*. The weather was beautiful (almost as glorious as that of the Okanagan, we are told) and the surroundings ideal.

The party was completed by the arrival of the faculty, and at once an energetic few kindled a gigantic bonfire for the boiling of coffee and the roasting of weenies. One or two daring spirits braved the icy chills of the Pacific, some scrambled on the rocks and frightened the sea creatures, while the majority engaged in an uproarious baseball game. It was not long, however, before the inner man made himself known, and soon the shore in the vicinity of the fire was swarming with students carrying a lunch in one hand and a cup in the other. Coffee and hot-dogs were dispensed by very busy and slightly smoked individuals, armed with weenie-bedecked sticks.

After supper there was a general exodus from the shore to the field above, where the baseball game was continued until it was too dark for the players to see if they were hitting the ball or passing night moths. Then the bonfire once more gained popularity and was encircled by what a dear old gentleman would call "a sea of bright young faces"—supported, of course, by the usual human frames. Song sheets were passed around, and the picnic was concluded by that healthful exercising of the lungs commonly termed a "sing-song."

The picnic was followed by the Hallowe'en masquerade, which was attended by the student body and their friends. The costumes were varied and charming, affording the judges no small difficulty in awarding the prizes. Orange and black formed the motif of the decorative scheme in the gymnasium, and added to the picturesque scene of the dancers as they *tripped* lightly to the entrancing music supplied by Jack Mercer's orchestra. The all-too-brief dance broke up after delicious refreshments had been served.

Just after the Christmas examinations, as an outlet for pent-up feelings, the break-up party took place. The spirit of old St. Nicholas reigned supreme. Standing before a gaily decorated Christmas tree, amid great festivity and mirth, Santa Claus presented each guest with a gift as a souvenir of the delightful occasion. After fruit and sweets had been served, the happy throng retired to the gymnasium, where Len Acres' orchestra provided the latest numbers.

The last big fete of the social year was the Valentine's dance, which took place amid splendid decorative effects. During the evening Valentines were distributed, and later an excellent supper was served in the lunch room, which was suitably decorated for the occasion. Mention might here be made of the splendid work of the decoration committee, in charge of Betty Allan.

On March the 23rd, a hike was planned, but, owing to the weather, many deemed it advisable to remain at home. Others, imbued with unquenchable optimism, hiked to Mt. Douglas. There, despite the occasional drizzles, a jolly



time was spent playing baseball, eating lunch in the old tea rooms, and afterwards roasting weenies at a fire on the beach.

On looking back, we feel that the social season of our school life has been a successful one, and that all our various functions have been enjoyed by those who attended. We wish to extend hearty thanks to the Misses Isbister, Perry and Coursier, and also to all the members of the social committee, who were so unsparing in their efforts to make this year we have spent together a happy and memorable period in our lives. We sincerely hope that the students of the 1928-1929 session will enjoy a term of social activities even more enjoyable, if such could be, than those of our past year.

Initials Plus

THE two Lloyds were in deep conversation. Yes, it was very deep, for they were discussing the future of the Never Slips and the Nearly Sunks. To prevent confusion, I must tell you the complete names of these two learned persons. The first Lloyd was Darius Lloyd Mark, and the second was Vancouver Lloyd Dexter. No one ever knew what the latter's first name really was, but he had such faith in the future of that great city that he chose to have its noble name prefixed to his. As for the Dexter part of it, no other name would fit, for does not Dexter mean the right hand, and was not V. L. Dexter D. L. Mark's right hand man? Of course he was!

At the time of which I speak Dexter and Mark, or, I should say, M. and D., were in deep conversation. Yes, it was very deep, for they were discussing the future of the Never Slips and the Nearly Sunks. The Naturally Smarts could look after themselves, but, you see, the Never Slips were better than the Naturally Smarts, and the Nearly Sunks were worse than the Naturally Smarts; so they were the ones to be discussed. It was this way, there were quite a number of Never Slips and quite a number of Nearly Sunks. Now, were Mark, Dexter and Company going to focus their attention on the Nearly Sunks and make successes of them, or were they going to work hard on the Never Slips to make them bring honours to the company? It was decided to call all the members to a special meeting.

At the given time, in the given place, the company met. D. L. M. glanced quickly around the assembly. His mathematical eye quickly told him that all his trusted servants had come to his call. Yes, they were all there, one dozen, to be exact, counting little Ophelia Prim, with her pencil behind her ear and a notebook in her hand. The question was put before the gathering for its consideration. Cedar Balsam Willow arose to speak; so did Hector Dupont. But C. B. W. was too slow, so H. D. had first say.

"We need honour, and only the Never Slips can bring it to us. It is up to us to do our utmost to help them in their work."

"I wish to differ from my friend, H. D.," said C. B. W. "I feel that it is our duty, at this late time, to coach the Nearly Sunks. To have one hundred per cent successes would bring greater honour to the company than to have some failures and some outstanding successes."

"For the luvva Pete, man," broke in our friend Allister Balfour, "you can't expect the Nearly Sunks to buck up at the last moment; and, anyway, they happen to be the most reasonable bunch in the place. We need some good material to start us off in September."



With a look of pain in his face C. B. W. once more took the floor. "It grieves me much to think that members of this noble company should be so selfish. To pass the Nearly Sunks is our duty. We cannot shirk it. The Never Slips will do their best, at any rate, but the Nearly Sunks only need a boost, and it is up to us to give them that boost."

"I agree with C. B. W.," said Inez Camilla's sweet voice, "for I find the Nearly Sunks are much lighter on their feet than any of the others, and it would be so easy to give them a boost."

"I say, down with the Nearly Sunks!" said F. T. C. Warbler, "they are mostly monotones, so how can they expect to—"

"Shame, shame, Warbler," broke in the gentle voice of B. Silvanus Finch.

"But, my dear man, I have the floor," cried F. T. C. W.

"Order, order, my men," came the commanding voice of D. L. M. "Mr. Warbler, I believe you have the floor."

"I am through, sir. Let B. S. F. have his say."

"What I want to say is this: The great open spaces have a fascination for me. They seem to have a similar fascination for the Nearly Sunks, in fact, their minds are usually there, enjoying the depths of the unknown. This characteristic draws them closer to me. As my dear friend C. B. W. suggests, all they need is a boost."

There was a movement in the corner, and Lucinda Izzard came forward.

"Pardon this digression, but a little internal stimulus might assist us," she moved towards the door, but turned, "By the way, are you all over twenty?" Most of the company refrained from replying, but Mr. Frease was heard to sigh.

"To return to our subject," began Fairy Pansy, "if we work on the Never Slips, or the Nearly Sunks, what will become of the Naturally Smarts?" But Miss L. I. had returned with the coffee. After a social hour the meeting adjourned.

The following day the two Lloyds were in deep conversation. Yes, it was very deep, for they were discussing the future of the Never Slips and the Nearly Sunks.

D. M. U.

The Guide

Away in the depths of the wood
There's a buck in the heavy snow
Who guides his weary mate,
To a place of peace, I know.

They travel on and on,
And down the mountain side
She follows him through all,
She trusts her faithful guide.

And soon they reach the place,
They stop—the buck and the doe—
Beneath the sheltering trees,
All safe from the storm of snow.

S. E. GEORGE.



The Music

ROMA sat on the steps of her caravan, swinging a bare foot and pulling the petals from a rose with graceful, restless little gestures. In the dusk, the rose in her hand was hardly a deeper red than that in her cheeks and lips, and the mystery of the woods seemed repeated in the hair that tumbled about her glowing face. Every line of body, every motion of fingers and foot, spoke of impatience and expectancy. She was waiting—waiting for what she knew not.

Then, as the rose surrendered its last petal and slipped down, despoiled, to the dew-laden grass, the moon rose. And the moon that rose—its gold intensified by the blackness of silhouetted trees—was a full moon. With a single motion Roma slipped down from the steps and unconsciously stretched her round young arms in greeting. They were very lovely, those two—the moon and the girl—each serenely unaware of her own beauty. For a moment they seemed to smile at each other, as friends do at meeting. Then the magic of the night called to the untamed spirit of the girl, and with a shake of curls that caught and held the light lent by the moon, and a swirl of brief skirts that scattered petals torn from the rose, she danced.

Then, from the edge of the encircling forest, stole softly a strain of music, weaving a strange, wild melody, born of a strange, wild instrument. At first it followed the movements of the girl, interpreting them, but gradually the music gained control of the dancer, and led her through a maze of motion that told of the scattered petals, the dark trees, the moon and the passion of being gloriously alive. The girl was entirely unconscious of the music—to her it was merely the audible interpretation of her own thoughts. But when the dance whirled its way to a close, and she stood exhausted, her startled ears suddenly became aware of the weird melody, and she stood rigid in surprise and fear. But, at her recognition, the music sang itself to an end, and a youth stepped into the moonlight from the shadowy places under the trees. For a moment they stood looking at each other, the girl poised for flight, yet curious, the boy seemingly confident, yet with a slight deference in his manner. Roma broke the silence.

"Who are you?" she queried, in a voice that held the blackbird's liquid notes.

"I am Regor, from the village on the other side of these woods," replied the youth. "And you?"

"I am Roma, and these are my people," and her arm indicated the wide semi-circle of sleeping tents and caravans that swept around to meet the forest. "But what do you here?"

"I was wandering through the trees, and, on reaching the edge of this clearing, saw you dancing, and, as I watched the rhythm of your movements, the music in my instrument awoke, and I played."

"But I did not hear you," cried Roma, "until I stopped dancing. Play again!"

The youth raised to his lips a peculiar instrument, fashioned of reeds through which the wind had once moaned. And as the girl listened, she grew half fearful, for the weird music awoke wild thoughts within her. She bade him stop, and thanked him with her eyes, then turned with a swirl of skirts and vanished up the steps of her caravan. Regor strode into the forest, his reeds slung across his broad young shoulders.



Early next morning, when the clear air was pungent with blue wood smoke, Roma ran across the clearing to the tent of Kodag. Kodag was a dwarf, not over-liked by the rest of the gypsies. They, with their many superstitions, were afraid of anything out of the ordinary, and, to them, uncanny. Thus Kodag was left to live a life that was brightened only by the gay presence of Roma, who had, as a child, taken the friendless hunchback to her heart. Now, a vivid girl, she was his merry comrade, carrying savory dishes from her father's fire, and doing the many things that only a woman can do for a man. He, in return, told her the lore of the fields and woods, where he, unloved by men, found companionship in tree, bird and beast. To him, from her earliest childhood escapades, Roma had always brought her troubles and confidences; now she was coming with a new problem, one that brought color to her cheeks and drove speech from her lips.

Kodag was at his fire cooking *pasderma*¹ as Roma came up. Usually she had a gay greeting for him, but this morning she gave him the *yoghourt*² she had brought and stood watching the place where the sun had just risen. And, as she stood there, Kodag became aware of an unusual bustle in the waking camp—men and women were calling to each other, and leaving their fires to gather in excited groups. He could not hear what they were saying, but soon they scattered to carry the news—whatever it was—to others, and one man stopped, after a moment's hesitation, by Kodag's fire. It was Roma, however, whom he addressed.

"The Music was heard last night," he said. And with a sidelong glance at Kodag, "You know what that means!" Then he hastened on to the next caravan. The girl stared after him, amazed, then looked questioningly at Kodag. The hunchback was gazing out beyond the treetops, a strange look in eyes that were always a little stranger and further-sighted than most. "The Music," he murmured, and his tongue loved the words. "You do not know the legend?" he enquired of the mystified girl. "Then I shall tell you.

"Long ago, one of the best and most loved of the gypsy minstrels fashioned from reeds a wonderful instrument. Upon it he played only one melody—wild and lovely—the Music. It told of long distances—the *patteran*³—stars—the wind and the rain—and all who heard it in the *khan*⁴ where it had its birth, loved and were swayed by it. The next morning the minstrel left the place, but before nightfall all those who had listened were dead, smitten by a mysterious pestilence. The same misfortune fell upon those who heard The Music the next night, and the next. In fact, all who listened, died, and the minstrel played the death-music wherever he went. Finally the country-side rose up against him, and he who had once been loved was now hated, and burned to death. And the legend grew, and traveled down the years, that anyone who should make The Music, or be in any way responsible for it, should suffer the same terrible end."

He stopped speaking, and gazed for many minutes into the depths of the forest. When he spoke again, it was in such low tones that the girl had to lean forward to catch the words. "I once made The Music," he said.

"You!" cried the girl.

" . . . but no one heard, and no one died."

"But it was not you who played last night!"

It was the man's turn to be surprised. "What know you of the music that was heard last night?" he asked.



Eagerly now Roma poured out her story, and when she had finished Kodag knew that she loved the stranger of the night. For some time he was silent. Then he placed a withered hand on Roma's dusky head and said, "It were better, my Roma, to have nothing to do with this man, an unknown maker of The Music."

But that night, when the moon rose and the night called, Roma laughed at the Legend and the superstitions of her people. Again she danced, and again the music came, but this time the girl was listening for it. Her dancing was self-conscious and of short duration, and the music stopped almost as it started. Why should she dance when a lover was waiting for her among the trees?

The moon was high when, having watched Regor, playing as he went, vanish down the forest aisles, Roma ran back to her caravan. She had almost gained its shadow when a great voice boomed, "*Yavash, gitana!*"⁵ and Jhaere, the *attaman*⁶, leapt from his caravan and seized her roughly by the arm. "So it is you who made The Music last night and tonight! You played, and we listened! *Jannam!*"⁷ None died last night, but how many of us shall be here when the dawn comes? *Haide!*"⁸ and he began dragging her towards the still-burning fire.

The terrified girl screamed and looked wildly into the close-pressing crowd, seeking someone to aid her. But all the faces were hostile and distorted with hate and fear, and all the voices were strident with curses and condemnation. Then, from the shadowy forest ran a little hunched figure.

"*Korkakma!*"⁹ my Roma!" he cried, and his vibrant voice halted Jhaere and the hissing crowd. Straight to the headman he ran, and with short, strong arms loosened the surprised Jhaere's grasp. "What means all this?" he demanded. With an air of astonishment he listened to an account of events he had already witnessed from a vantage point high in a tree.

"But until last night you had never heard this girl play any music," he complained, when the torrent of words had somewhat subsided.

"But that is not to say she cannot play. Moreover, the Maker of The Music is of necessity possessed of strange powers," retorted Jhaere.

"But she has no instrument," replied Kodag, and before they could search her or the ground, he added, "Might it not be that the musician was another than Roma? I myself have but now come from the forest from whence, you say, issued The Music!"

For a moment they were too astonished to act, then a score of hands were thrust out to seize him—the feared, unloved hunchback whom they were only too willing to accuse. But with that agility which was his, he escaped and ran for the forest where, among the shadows and the gloom, they lost him. An hour later, from a tall tree, he laughed down on a camp that was once more trying to compose itself for the night.

The next evening, before the moon rose, Roma slipped stealthily into the forest to warn Regor. Pray God he would follow the plan of the previous nights and not play until he found her dancing! But the god of the Gypsies heard not her prayer, and through the forest seeped the wild, sweet notes of The Music! With a cry, the terrified girl closed the distance between Rigor and herself, snatched the reeds from him, and threw them into the woods. And two far-seeing eyes smiled from behind a mossy stump.



"Go back! Go back, or they will kill you!" cried the girl to Regor. "It is The Music—the death-music—that you are playing! Go back to your village; then come again for me with as many armed men as you can secure."

Regor put his arm around her as if to shield her.

"You also are in danger, Roma? Then my place is here with you."

"No! No!" cried the girl, and—"I will take care of her," said Kodag, coming out from behind his tree stump. The two men looked into each other's eyes—one little, shrunk and hunched, the other tall, straight and fearless. Then "Pekki!"¹⁰ said Regor, and turned and ran through the trees.

He had barely disappeared when Roma and the hunchback heard shouts and the sound of many feet beating a path through the woods. The whole gypsy band had entered the forest to find and kill the maker of The Music.

"Slip back to the caravans—they'll be deserted by then," whispered Kodag. "Regor will come for you there and carry you in safety to his own village, where you will be happy. Good-bye, my Roma," and he kissed her gently.

"Good-bye, Kodag," said the girl, weeping and clinging to him. Then she straightened, turned and ran lightly in a wide detour for the camp.

Kodag ran to where the reed instrument had fallen, and, raising it to his lips, began to play. As he did so, he heard the noise of pursuit grow nearer and louder. Choosing a path that led away from both the village and the caravans, he ran quickly, the strange music clearing the path of birds and beasts and changing the course of the pursuing band. Around trees and rocks, over streams and fallen logs, he led them with his music, for never once did he let himself be seen. Then he lured them from the trees and into a swamp that polluted the purple dusk. He stopped playing and, climbing a heavily-leaved tree far from the swamp, laughed until the creatures of the night fled to the dark places of the forest. And, looking up where the moon smiled back, he said: "Oh, First Maker of The Music! Did they know the pestilence had been of your body and not of your Music, they would not now be struggling like swine in a stinking swamp!"

J. M. T.

1. pasderma—sun-dried meat.

2. yoghourt—concoction of milk.

3. patteran—trail.

4. khan—inn.

5. "Yavash, gitana!"—"Slowly, girl!"

6. attaman—gipsy headman.

7. "Jannam!"—"My soul!"

8. "Haide!"—"Come on!"

9. "Korkama!"—"Do not be afraid!"

10. "Pekki!"—"Very well!"

I Rode in the Rain

I rode in the rain—a mad, wild ride;
The sun came out—and the raindrops died;
But dying, glistened on leaf and flower—
On a poplar leaf, on a crocus flower—
And a rainbow hung in the sky.

J. M. T.

The real test of character is the amount of freedom a person can absorb without going to pieces.—*Palmer*.

* * *

It will never rain roses . . . if we want more roses we must plant a little more.

* * *

The only reason we rejoice at a birth and weep at a funeral is because we are not the party concerned.—*Mark Twain*.



"For when the One Great Scorer
Comes to write against your name,
He writes not that you won or lost,
But how you played the game."

SOME people are of the opinion that there is no such thing as a jinx, others are not quite sure, but the Normal School students *know* a jinx exists. In other words, our various athletic teams have been playing in "tough luck" this season, and we don't mean maybe.

The jinx first made itself apparent at the beginning of the Fall term when the boys started practicing for the opening of the City Rugby League. We were playing a practice game with one of the local teams at the time, and the game was not more than two minutes old when poor old "Pie" Campbell was carried off the field with a badly broken collar bone. This was a sad blow to the rugby team, but it was a worse one for the basketball five, as Campbell was one of their star forwards and had been elected to the position of captain. We had barely recovered from this incident when Clarence Rendle was sent to the hospital with a fractured collar bone which put him out of athletics for the rest of his school year. Rendle was greatly missed by the rugby team, as he was a first class player, and one who had had considerable experience in the art of rugby. Again, a few weeks before the Christmas holidays, Campbell was once more laid up with a broken collar bone.

Then tragedy was added to misfortune. In the death of Lionel Locke, Normal lost the popular captain of her rugby team, and Victoria one of her finest young athletes.

* * *

Shortly after the opening of the Spring term Jack Hanna was forced out of rugby with a dislocated jaw, an accident which put a stop to his career as a player on the Normal School rugby team. By this time we were wondering what the next day would bring forth. The fates were still against us. "Pie" Campbell was forced out of basketball with spinal trouble, just when his team had won the City Championship and were competing for the Provincial honors.

Early in March the boys journeyed to Nanaimo to play in the first game of the Vancouver Island championship series. The game ended 21-18 for Nanaimo. In the second game, played in Victoria at the Y. M. C. A., we came through on the long end of a 27-20 score, and, as total points were to count, we won the series by four points. However, due to the action taken by the Executive of the Vancouver Island Basketball Association, our lads were deprived the privilege of playing Revelstoke for the Provincial championship.



BOYS' BASKETBALL

All together, gang! Nine Rahs for the team: *Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Normal!!!*

Never, in the history of Victoria Normal School, has there been a boys' basketball team to equal the team of 1927-28. This is the first year that so many expert ball-handlers have attended the school together, and they certainly made a name for themselves in the basketball world. By dint of hard and strenuous practicing, they gained supremacy in men's senior B basketball, and we are safe in saying that there wasn't a senior B team in British Columbia that could stand up against them. Aside from winning trophies, the team made a record that will stand for many a year in the annals of Normal School athletics. The boys engaged in over twenty-five games during the season, and of these lost only four, two of which were exhibition games. That is certainly something to be proud of, especially when one considers the fact that this was the first year the boys had ever played together as a team. Our boys entered the Senior B division of the City League, and went through their whole schedule without suffering one defeat. They scored on an average something like thirty-eight points per game, which speaks for itself. They met the Hudson Bay five, winners of the C section, for the Senior B championship of the city, winning that game handily, with a score of 50-18. Next they tackled Duncan for the Lower-Island title and once again won, the score being 28-18. The team was then billed for a two-game home and home series with the Nanaimo Seniors. In the first game, played on the Nanaimo floor, we lost out by three points. Our main object in this encounter was to hold the score as low as possible, as we knew we could defeat them on our own floor. This we succeeded in doing, and when they played the second game at the Y. M. C. A. we came out on the long end of a 27-20 score, and so won the Island championship. Then the trouble began, with Nanaimo protesting, and you all know the rest. Aside from defeating Nanaimo, we are credited with wins against the C. P. S. and the Onwegos of the Senior A division; Hudson Bay, champions of the C division; Crescents, B. C. champions of the intermediate B division, and the Victoria High School, intermediate A champions.

The following is a short account of who's who on the team:

HARRY CAMPBELL: "Pie" was elected to the position of captain at the beginning of the year, and although he was forced out of the game for most of the season, he proved an "inspiration" for the rest of the boys. We will always remember the time "Pie" played against the C. P. S., and how he thrilled us all with his playing and spectacular shots. Good luck, "Pie." We hope you will be on your feet again before long.

RALPH "RUSTY" THOMAS: Who doesn't know Ralph! He's the boy who does the heavy work at centre and is always in the thick of the battle. I don't know what we would have done if we hadn't had Ralph to tell the other referees how to referee. Played a whale of a game against Nanaimo—ask Bradshaw, enos.

PHIL ROSE: Plays forward and is harder to check than a grease spot. The fans used to marvel at the way he found the basket with his over-hand shots—and so did we. It's a gift!

LENNIE "TINY" CHAPMAN: Six foot two, eyes of —? This is the first year Len has played basketball, but he has taken to it as a duck takes to water—only a little faster. Plays guard with Joe Ross, and between the two of them they are hard to beat. Turned in a great game against Nanaimo.



MEN'S · BASKETBALL · TEAM



MEN'S · RUGBY · TEAM



ELDON "PAP" KNOTT: "Pap" is one of those forwards that young players aspire to be when they grow up. In other words, he's good, and we don't mean maybe. Give him a good night and he'll pot baskets from any position on the floor—and how!

BILL LUCAS: Forward or guard de luxe and then some. Bill's a regular terror when he gets going, and has a peculiar habit of sneaking under the basket when nobody is watching, and scoring, much to the disgust of his opponents. Bill is sure some kid, and we wouldn't part with him for the world.

JOE ROSS: Joe is the "iron man" of the team. In all the games Normal has played he has been in action nearly the whole forty minutes of play, and has certainly proved himself a tower of strength. The way he jumps after rebounds would make a grasshopper blush with envy. He made his best showing against the Nanaimo outfit when he scored nineteen points in the two game series. Joe was acting-captain during the absence of "Pie" and proved a very capable leader.

JACK HANNA: Jack was the big rub-down man from Rossland. He was a great help to the team in more ways than one. The team wish to take this opportunity of thanking you, Jack, for the time and energy you spent on us before and during the games.

The team is also grateful for the wonderful support extended them by the student body and the faculty of the school, and would like to thank Mr. C. B. Wood and Mr. V. L. Denton for the generosity they showed in driving them up to Duncan, Ladysmith and Nanaimo.

* * *

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

As in former years, the School entered a team in the City Basketball League, and some very keen and interesting struggles were witnessed when our girls stacked up against the pick of the Victoria teams. It was an unfortunate break when they were placed in the Ladies' Senior A Division, as that brought them in contact with teams who had played together for years, and who were well versed in the art of basketball. Our girls, on the other hand, were a little "green," some of them having played basketball for only a year or two at the most. For all this the girls put everything they had into the game, and made their opponents fight every inch of the way for their victories.

The jinx which was so apparent in the boys' teams made itself known among the girls. In the first place, Anne Prescott was forced out of basketball for the rest of the year with a badly wrenched knee, while Marie Mahoney left us at Christmas through graduation. These two losses were greatly felt by the team, as both girls were first-class players. After Christmas, Agnes Rossman and Beverley Brien were unable to play, and this left us with only five regulars. With so many changes on the team it is not hard to see why the girls were unable to perform at their best. However, we have been told that it is not the results, but the amount of effort put forth that counts, and there is no getting away from the fact that the girls certainly worked hard against untold difficulties. Their determination to carry on regardless of these setbacks, is worth all the victories in the world. Ladies! we salute you for all you have done for the Normal School. May luck go with you in your future enterprises.



WOMEN'S · BASKETBALL · TEAM



WOMEN'S · GRASS-HOCKEY · TEAM



RUGBY

The Normal School was well represented in the City Rugby League this year, and some truly fine rugby stars were brought to the fore as the season progressed. At the beginning of the season things looked rosy for the red and white, as plenty of first-class material seemed available, even though some of it was a little "raw." However, injuries to players dimmed our prospects early in the season, and many changes were required every time we played a game. Nevertheless our lads were far from being outclassed, and some of Victoria's finest intermediate teams tasted the sting of defeat at our hands. Mr. Denton spent considerable time and energy in endeavoring to give the Normal a winning team, and had it not been for accidents, it is more than probable his hopes would have been realized. The late Lionel Locke, captain of the fifteen, was Mr. Denton's right-hand man, and certainly worked overtime. His efforts were more than appreciated by his team mates and the rest of the school.

Owing to the fact that many of the games were played in the mud and rain of late Winter and early Spring, the team received very little support from the student body; but some—especially the girls—are to be complimented upon their steadfast attendance at the games. Nevertheless, although rooters were often lacking, the boys put their very heart and soul into the game. We are safe in saying that when it came to courage, determination and good sportsmanship, there wasn't another team in Victoria to touch the good old Normal fifteen. They always came up smiling after every defeat, and the same fighting characteristic which seems to dominate all Normal School teams made them want to come back and *try again*. Normal School may have had better rugby teams in the past, and may have better ones in the future, but there never will be a team possessing more remarkable qualities of true manhood than did the team of the Class of '28.

* * *

GRASS HOCKEY

It will probably be news to some of you, but the fact remains that Normal School had a mighty fine girls' grass hockey team this year. Under the guiding hand of Miss Isabel Coursier, a number of the more enthusiastic members of the women's classes got together one day and formed a team. The girls spent considerable time practicing, and though there was no actual league in existence, Normal played a number of very interesting games with some of the best grass hockey teams in Victoria. Although they more than often ended up on the short end of the score, they were never more than one or two goals behind their opponents, and certainly upheld the colors of the school. We congratulate you, girls, on your showing, and appreciate your magnificent endeavors. It is to be regretted that the student body failed to support the team as it should, there being very few out to the games in which our girls played. However, with basketball and rugby playing such prominent parts in the school's activities, the grass hockey team was more or less overshadowed. But it was never forgotten—far from it!

* * *

PING PONG

My! oh my! we almost forgot to mention the big ping pong tournament which was staged between the faculty and a select body of students (no ladies, by request). With Mr. Dunnell heading the batting list of the staff, it looked like a sure enough victory for them, but, sad to relate, things did not turn out



that way. You ask what the score was? Well, now, we've forgotten that, but Ralph Thomas will be only too glad to broadcast the results, won't you, "Rusty?" However, when the smoke of battle had finally cleared away, the students were so far in the lead that one of them had the audacity to remark, "Easy pickings, nothing to it!"

However, it leaked out shortly afterwards that the faculty had been seriously considering protesting the tournament on the grounds that the handle of one of the bats was one-quarter of an inch longer than regulation size! Fortunately for the students the "protest" never went through and the whole matter was "hushed up."

Languid Limericks

There was once a young fellow named Rose, sir,
Who said, "I've been counting my toes, sir,
I make them eleven
(By the favor of Heaven),
But p'raps I've included my nose, sir!

Syd Pettit, our jolly old Ed,
Makes attempts at the use of his head.
Though the inside is bare
"An Echo" is there,
So he's better than if he were dead.

[*There's a writer—it's lucky he's nameless—
Whose character cannot be blameless,
With my name he's made free
In some poor poetree
In a way that is utterly shameless.*]

A fellow whose nickname was Schmidt
Was a victim of satire and wit.
His real name ('twas Smith)
Was lacking in pith,
And besides, in the rhyme, it won't fit.

There was once a young teacher named Davie
Who hated his hair to look wavy,
So he applied secotine
And the best margarine
And soused it all over with gravy.

There was once a young poet named Phil,
Who thought he had talent and skill,
But an innocent victim
Got rattled and kicked him,

! ? * * ? ? ! ——— ! ——— ! ! ——— * ? - !

[And so, sad to say, another promising young warbler was cut off in his prime.]



THIS year the Debating and Dramatic Society has presented a well-rounded programme. In nearly all societies of a dual nature there is a common tendency to lay more stress upon one of the two phases of the work. Thus we look back with no small satisfaction to our year's programme and say that neither of these phases has been neglected and that our efforts have been equally divided between the two.

Before Christmas, debating was the dominant interest and received practically all the attention of the Society. The programme consisted of three inter-class debates, six noon hour debates and one open discussion. Thirty-four people were actively involved throughout the term—ample evidence of the fact that the executive were not working alone.

Before continuing, something should be said of the inter-class competition which created considerable enthusiasm throughout the school. In the first round classes C and D emerged victorious over classes B and A respectively, and it remained for Class C to vanquish the men's representatives in a very energetic struggle. Congratulations, Class C.

As an indication that the dramatic side of our programme was not being entirely forgotten, a very enjoyable short play, *Sham*, was presented. This was directed by Mr. Wood, and constituted part of the Christmas concert.

After Christmas, in order to balance the programme, the executive focused its attention almost entirely on dramatics. Only one debate took place, due to the fact that so much time and energy was spent on the plays.

We must, however, say a word or two on the debating of this term. This one debate introduced a new form of procedure suggested by Mr. MacLaurin. According to common opinion, the idea seems to be a good one, and we would like to see it followed up next year, as it would, no doubt, be a means of bringing debating in the school to a higher standard. Further, for the enlightenment of some, it should be stated here that considerable time was spent this term endeavoring to arrange a debate with Vancouver Normal. However, after several weeks deliberation, we found it impossible to settle on a suitable subject. The executive here were sorry that the debate had to be cancelled, but we could not possibly accept the subjects suggested by Vancouver and be fair to our team.

As a separate section in this publication is allotted to the plays alone, we can here do little more than thank those who worked so consistently and indefatigably to make them a success.

In closing this brief outline of the year's programme we would like to say again that, entirely to the splendid support of the student body of this school do we owe whatever success has been our reward.

PHIL ROSE, Secretary.



JOHN McDONALD
SECRETARY 1927



BERT BAILEY
PRESIDENT 1927



JACK SHADBOLT
PRESIDENT 1928

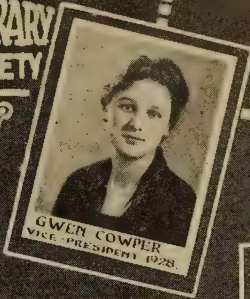


NORMA SCHRODLER
SECRETARY 1928



BETTY ALLAN
VICE-PRESIDENT 1927

LITERARY SOCIETY



GWEN COWPER
VICE-PRESIDENT 1928



VIOLET GUY
VICE-PRESIDENT 1927



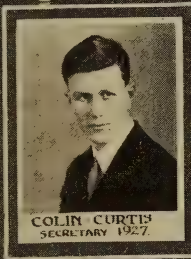
DICK MACLEAN
PRESIDENT 1927



ZIRENE MOSSOP
PRESIDENT 1928



PHILIP ROSE
SECRETARY 1928



COLIN CURTIS
SECRETARY 1927

DEBATING & DRAMA SOCIETY



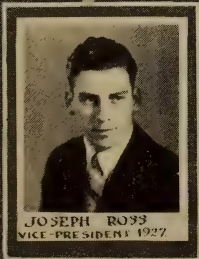
JACK SHADBOLT
PRESIDENT 1927



RALPH THOMAS
PRESIDENT 1928



ALICE COX
VICE-PRESIDENT 1928



JOSEPH ROSS
VICE-PRESIDENT 1927



MARIE MAHONEY
SECRETARY 1927



ELDON KNOTT
VICE-PRESIDENT 1928



MARY WELCH
SECRETARY 1928

ATHLETICS



Dramatic Activities

THE chief work of the Dramatic Society this year has been the very successful presentation of four short plays. The first of these was put on under the capable supervision of Mr. Wood at the closing entertainment of the Fall term. The most outstanding feature of this play, "Sham," in which a moral was pointed in a most amusing manner, was the excellent way in which the parts were cast. Miss Edythe Dunn took the part of Clara, the young wife who is determined to "keep up with the Joneses," but who depends entirely on appearances and cannot tell the real from the "sham." The husband, quiet, mildly henpecked, and secretly rather weary of his wife's everlasting showing-off, was well-depicted by Mr. Frank Thompson. The young reporter was well-played by Mr. Cecil Chatfield, and the fourth character, that of the "Gentleman Burglar," was portrayed by Mr. William Lucas.

This character was perhaps the most difficult to carry through successfully. The burglar was obviously well-born and quite superior in education and what we might call "background" to his intended victims. He was genuinely shocked to discover that the many apparent treasures, of china, paintings and so on, which the room contained, were all cheap imitations.

The first entrance in the dark, and the soliloquy while examining the treasures, where the arousal and maintenance of the interest of the audience depended entirely on Mr. Lucas, were particularly well done.

The next undertaking towards which all the energies of the Society were bent was the presentation of the annual "Three Plays," which took place on the evenings of March 2 and 3 at the School.

The first of these plays, "The Unseen," was "a domestic comedy in one act." The part of Jeffrey Baldwin, a struggling young architect who loses his "big chance" through the carelessness of a servant, and by so doing is prevented from being the victim of a train wreck, was realistically played by Mr. Richard MacLean. Lois, the feather-brained young wife, a typical "Mrs. Newlywed," seemed very true to life as portrayed by Miss Tilly Olsen.

Hulda, the servant, was the comic success of the evening, with her amusing difficulties as to why pie wasn't to be served for breakfast. It remains a doubt to this day as to whether her clever fall was spontaneous or premeditated, and if the latter, who supplied the dishes.

For those who saw these plays, no words are needed to recall "The Valiant," while for those who did not see it, no description can be attempted. Suffice it to say that Mr. Jack Shadbolt played the part of James Dyke, a criminal condemned to death, who refuses to bring shame and grief to his mother by acknowledging his identity to his sister, in a manner absolutely convincing. A distinct gasp of relief and a general relaxing of tension could be felt in the audience when the curtain fell. Moreover, not a few handkerchiefs were in use. Surely no more sincere tribute can be offered to any player.

Mr. Shadbolt was ably supported by Miss Violet Guy as Josephine Paris, the sister, and Mr. Philip Rose as Warden Holt. No disparagement is intended of Mr. Lucas' character, but it must be admitted that he was much more convincing as the Gentleman Burglar in "Sham" than as Father Daly in "The Valiant." Mr. Eldon Knott as Dan the jailer and Mr. Ernest Livesey as Wilson, an attendant, completed the cast.



"The Mayor and the Manicure," which completed the evening's entertainment, was a hilarious one-act comedy.

Miss Betty Macmillan, as Genevieve Le Claire, a scheming manicurist of doubtful age and past, gave ample proof of her undoubted ability to play such difficult parts. The tactics of the Mayor of Milford (Mr. Ralph Thomas) in disentangling his son Wallie (Mr. Joseph Ross), and effectively silencing the claims of Genevieve, were thoroughly satisfying. May we be pardoned, however, for wondering if even an irresponsible young college youth would have been quite so *obviously* overcome at the sight of his past confronting him in his father's office?

Unfortunately Miss Jean Travis, who was to have played Ruth Foster, Wallie's fiancée, was incapacitated by a sore throat, but Miss Edythe Dunn made a capable understudy for both nights.

Many and hearty thanks are due to the players who spent so much time and trouble on these productions, and to the executive of the Society, the Faculty and the Student Body, who stood so solidly behind these plays and made them the successes they were. But most particularly is commendation due to the one who chose the plays to be presented, assisted in choosing the players, spent weeks on coaching the casts when they had been chosen, and was general adviser and supervisor on the night of their presentation. Mr. Wood did more for the plays than any other two people together.

The Stars

We tear our prayers from our hearts
And cast them upwards to His shrine;
Our wishes go to lesser gods—
The friendly stars that midway shine.

J. M. T.

One should never put on one's best trousers to go out in to fight for freedom.—*Henryke Ibsen.*

* * *

God will not give any soldier ammunition who is not willing to go into battle.—*Anon.*

* * *

People may talk about the equality of the sexes. They are not equal. The silent smile of a sensible, loving woman will vanquish ten men.—*H. W. Beecher.*

* * *

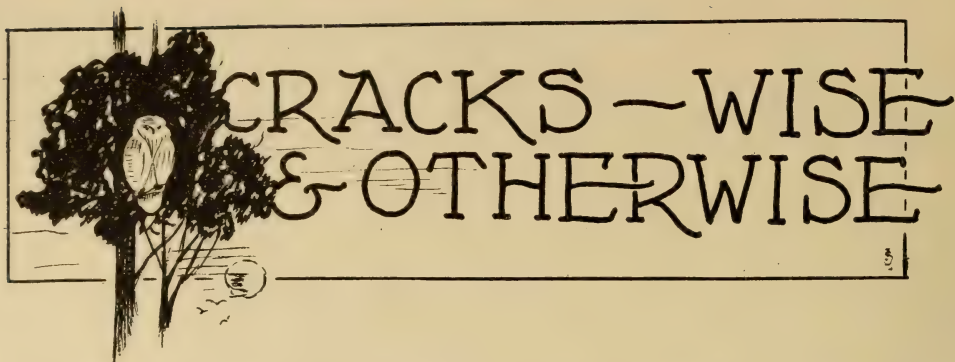
What is spirit? No matter. What is matter? Never mind. What is mind? It is immaterial.—*Hood.*

* * *

My best thoughts always come a little too late.—*Hawthorne.*

* * *

I have often heard it said as a common proverb, that a wise man may be taught by a fool. If you are not perfectly satisfied with the replies of the wise man, take counsel of a fool; it may be that, by so doing, you will get an answer more to your mind.—*Rabelais.*



Speaking of howlers, the following certainly holds its own: The two types of blood are Venus and Adonis.

* * *

It's the little things that count in a primary arithmetic lesson.

* * *

If the bee ever so bumble there's no place like home.

* * *

Cecil McL. (trying in vain to establish an alibi which will successfully account for a certain history mark): "Well, sir, George Washington was a great man but he went down in history."

* * *

Heard over a transom: "Yes, Frank *has* got beautiful eyes—so beautiful they can't help looking at each other."

* * *

Although he won't admit it, we know "Chuck" has been badly Miss Guided.

* * *

Hank Wilson says he can point out several weaknesses in the average Normal curve.

* * *

Mr. W. (enthusiastically): "This is absolutely the last word in spelling tests—" Thank the Lord!

* * *

Arithmetical maxim: Drill till it bores.

* * *

Mr. D.: "If the lobster industry of the Maritime Provinces went out of business what would the night club proprietors of New York do?" Start crabbing, I suppose.

* * *

One of our prominent Canadians speaks of the boy who got a licking on his promised land.

We presume he means the same old land of "cainin'."

* * *

First Chinaman: Why you la fe soh?

Second (with a code in his doze): Me doh doh.

First: You doh doh?

Second (disgusted): Aw, you doh sa fe!

* * *

See any young lady who went on the Mt. Douglas picnic for a lesson on "bored-feet."

* * *

Judging from the above, the Annual Board still has a few cracks in it.

* * *

"Now Johnny, you must run out and put on the soup-bone!"

An Appreciation *and* An Appeal

IN producing this issue of "Anecho," the Committee in charge acknowledges valuable assistance from many quarters, and they are not unmindful of their special obligation to the firms who have purchased advertising space, thereby supplying a very considerable part of the finances necessary in making this publication possible. We are sure the student body as a whole also recognizes this obligation, and will show their appreciation in a tangible way by favoring these advertisers with their personal patronage and commendation among their friends.

Those who advertise consider money thus expended in the nature of an investment, and it is our duty to see that they receive proper return. By mentioning "Anecho" when making purchases, the connection between the merchants and the student body is strengthened, and the way is made easy to seek their patronage in succeeding years.



W. & J. Wilson

1217-1221 Government St.

Cordially invite you to
come in and see the—

New Styles, New Colors in
Young Men's Clothes



Baffled Executioner

"What's the matter, little boy?"

"Ma's gone and drowned all
the kittens."

"Dear me! That's too bad."

"Yes, she—boo-hoo—promised
me I could do it."

* * *

A Woman's Logic

Mrs. Jones cast an entirely new
light, and, it may be, a wholly
reasonable one—on the problem
of woman's dress the other night.
She and Mr. Jones were await-
ing callers, and Mr. Jones sur-
veyed her new gown rather
critically. "Isn't it a little ex-
treme?" he suggested. "A little
short and low cut?"

"Well, I don't know," said
Mrs. Jones, "they are coming to
see me, aren't they—not the
dress?"

Ties Up Tongue Traffic

Professor—"What's the most
common impediment in the
speech of American people?"

Freshman—"Chewing-gum."

* * *

President's Privilege

The president of a large cor-
poration had occasion one day to
reprimand an employee for his
inefficiency, whereupon the in-
efficient young man began find-
ing fault with the way in
which the president was manag-
ing affairs. The head of the
corporation turned angrily to-
ward the speaker.

"Are you the president of this
corporation?" he demanded.

"No, sir; of course not,"
answered the employee.

"Well, then," thundered the
president, "don't talk like a fool."

Butter-Nut Bread

Unexcelled in Flavor
and Nutriment - Rich as
Butter, Sweet as a Nut.

*Also our Cakes
Pies and Buns
Are in great demand*

Rennie and Taylor, Ltd.

Fernwood & Gladstone
Phone 764 Victoria, B.C.

An Invitation



The British Columbia Teachers' Federation extends its congratulations to the "1928" Graduates of the Victoria Normal School and cordially invites each one

TO BECOME A MEMBER OF
**THE TEACHERS'
PROVINCIAL
ORGANIZATION**

All who make application while at the school will be enrolled immediately as "Student Members" without payment of any fee, and will be transferred to full membership upon commencing active teaching and upon payment of one-half the regular Federation fees.



FURTHER INFORMATION MAY BE OBTAINED FROM

HARRY CHARLESWORTH

GENERAL SECRETARY

614-616 Credit Foncier Building, Vancouver, B. C.

Summer Sports Apparel

for Men, Women, Misses

Featuring all the Latest Styles
and Novelties

SPORT SHOES—For golf, tennis, and every out-door game.

SPORT SWEATERS—In all the latest color patterns. Many fine English-made cardigan, coat and pull-over effects to choose from.

SPORTS FROCKS of flannel, bal-briggan and washable silks. All new styles.

Lowest Possible Prices

David Spencer

Limited - - Victoria, B. C.

During one of his lecture trips Mark Twain arrived at a small town. Before dinner he went to a barber shop to be shaved.

"You are a stranger?" asked the barber.

"Yes," Mark Twain replied. "This is the first time I've been here."

"You chose a good time to come," the barber continued. "Mark Twain is going to read and lecture tonight. You'll go, I suppose?"

"Oh, I guess so."

"Have you bought your ticket?"

"Not yet."

"But everything is sold out. You'll have to stand."

"How very annoying!" Mark Twain said with a sigh. "I never saw such luck! I always have to stand when that fellow lectures."

The Morning After

The Bad Lad—"W-wake me at n-n-nine, Jarvis."

Valet—"It's nine now, sir."

The Bad Lad—"Then - hic - wake me."

* * *

A Further Item

Motorist (excusing himself)—
"I was hurrying up to town to see my solicitor."

Constable—"Well, you'll have some more news for him now."

* * *

Neatly Turned

She—"You passed me in the street yesterday without even looking at me."

He—"If I had looked, I couldn't have passed."

LITTLE & TAYLOR

Diamonds, Watches
Clocks and Jewellery

Expert Watchmakers
Jewellers, Opticians

Phone 871

□

1209 DOUGLAS STREET
SAYWARD BUILDING
VICTORIA, B. C.

Normal School Students

Can obtain at our store all the requisite Text Books
and Supplies required for the course of study at—
The Normal School - The Victoria College
The University of British Columbia
McGill University, Montreal

Come in and inspect our stock — we will gladly give you information



Litchfield's, Limited Booksellers *and* Stationers

1109 Government Street - - - Telephone 5736



Phone 8080

Launderers
Dyers and
Dry Cleaners

Rug and Carpet
Dyers and Cleaners

Subtraction

Teacher—"Take four out of five and what do you have, Tommy?"

Tommy—"Pyorrhea, ma'am."

* * *

Jones—"Every time she smiles at me, it reminds me of a Pullman car at eight o'clock."

Brown—"How is that?"

Jones—"No lowers, and few uppers left."

* * *

Prisoner—"Judge, I don't know what to do."

Judge—"Why, how's that?"

Prisoner—"I swore to tell the truth."

Judge—"Well?"

Prisoner—"But every time I try to tell it some lawyer objects."

*We Specialize in the
Manufacture of*

Class Pins *or* Lapel Buttons

We gladly suggest designs.
Estimates given without
further obligation.



Mitchell & Duncan, Ltd.

Jewellers

Cor. View and Government Sts.

A Serious Loss

Everything was in readiness for the marriage ceremony, and both groom and best man had arrived at the church in plenty of time. The former, however, was uneasy.

"What's worryin' ye, Tamson?" asked the best man, tip-toeing up the aisle. "Ha'e ye lost the ring?"

The other gazed at his friend's immaculate attire and general air of gay bachelordom. Then he heaved a woeful sigh.

"Na," he answered, rather despondently; "the ring's safe enough, but I've lost ma enthusiasm!"

* * *

Come to the Point

"David, ver are my glasses?"

"On you nose, fadder."

"Don't be so indefinite."

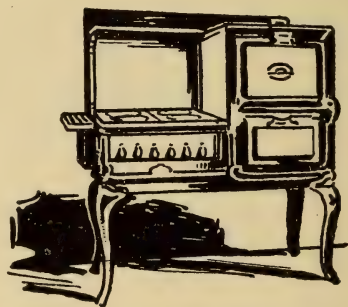
LILLEY'S *Confectionery*

F. J. H. BAINES, Proprietor

We Specialize in Ice Cream
Candies and Fruit



1409 Douglas Street Phone 2773



COOKING *Is a Scientific Art*

Yet to be a scientific cook does not necessitate a college degree—if you use an *Electric Range*.

Cooking ceases to be a guessing contest when you use electricity

B. C. ELECTRIC

Gray Line Motor Stage

	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Leave Victoria -	8.30	1.30	6.15
Leave Nanaimo	8.00	1.15	8.00

Leave Victoria, Dominion Hotel, Yates St.

Leave Nanaimo from Union Stage Depot

Express Freight Carried - Phone 2900

George Straith, Ltd.

The Woollen Shop, where your garments are carefully selected regarding quality & models.
Ladies' Woollen Sports Wear Exclusively Handled Here.

1117 Douglas Street

His Sinking Spell

Old Father Hubbard
Went to the cupboard

To get his poor self a drink.

But when he got there

The cupboard was bare,

So he got him a drink at the
sink.

* * *

An Error of Omission

An Eldorado Springs minister tells this story—A white minister had just married a colored couple and in a facetious way remarked:

"It is customary to kiss the bride, but in this instance we will omit it."

The groom was fully equal to the occasion and replied:

"It is customary for the groom to give the minister a five-dollar bill, but in this instance we will also omit that."

"When I prays to de Lawd," said an old negro, "'Sen' me a chicken,' I ha'dly ebber gets it; but when I prays, 'Oh, Lawd, sen' me to a chicken,' den I most always has a chicken foh ma Sunday dinnah."

* * *

Aberdeen Again

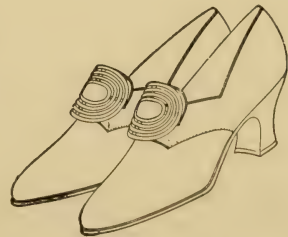
A man was talking with a friend about a trip he had paid to Aberdeen.

"I see they have an old bridge there which dates from the time of Robert the Bruce," he remarked.

"Yes," replied the friend, who added, more from a desire to make conversation than anything else: "I wonder if there is any danger of it giving."

"Not in Aberdeen," came the immediate answer.

The Advance Styles *in* Ladies' Footwear



The Ladies' Sample Shoe Shop

743 Yates Street, Victoria, B. C. Phone 660 Limit - \$6.60 - Limit



H B C

Monarch Bicycles

For Safety, Durability & Ease in Riding

Our Monarch Bicycle is a product of the C. C. M. factory and carries their guarantee as well as our own. It is completely equipped, with electric lamp and battery, rear carrier and stand, ruby reflector, bell and complete set of tools. Fitted with Dunlop Tires and Hercules Coaster Brake

\$49.00

Easy terms if you wish—\$5 down and \$5 a month.

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1870.

Assay, Industrial and Educational Laboratory Supplies Chemicals

Western Canadian Headquarters for
Laboratory Equipment
and Scientific Supplies

We have every facility for
Duty Free importation for
Educational Institutions

Cave & Company

Limited

567 Hornby Street, Vancouver, B. C.

Exit

Job-Seeker (entering office unannounced—"Is there an opening here for me?")

Chief Clerk—"Yes, sir, right behind you."

* * *

Ecclesiastical Dues Enforced

"I can na' get ower it," a Scottish farmer remarked to his wife. "I put a two-shillin' piece in the plate at the kirk this morning instead o' ma usual penny."

The beadle had noticed the mistake, and in silence he allowed the farmer to miss the plate for twenty-three consecutive Sundays.

On the twenty-fourth Sunday the farmer again ignored the plate, but the old beadle stretched the ladle in front of him and, in a loud, tragic whisper, hoarsely said:

"Your time's up noo, Sandy."

Modern Shoe Co., Limited

Corner Yates and Government Streets

*Why Our Shoes Are Always Popular---*Style is apparent, but wear must be taken on faith. One reason for the consistent popularity of our Shoes—they keep faith with the wearer over endless miles of service.

J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.

Aldine House, 224 Bloor Street W., Toronto, Ontario

Publishers of

Everyman's Library - - 806 Titles

King's Treasury Series - 144 Titles

Etc., Etc.

Our Lists offer you a wide choice of Text-books, Works of Reference and Supplementary Reading covering all of the subjects on the Public School Course, as well as hundreds of books suitable for School Libraries. *Among these are a large proportion of Canadian Books by Canadian Authors.*

Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Descriptive Folders, or, if in Vancouver, visit our new Showroom, where a stock of samples are kept on display for your convenience.

W. G. Stephen, *Western Representative*

401 Credit Foncier Building - - Vancouver, B. C.

Make This Your Headquarters for

Kodaks *and* Films

Crystal Finish

Owl Drug Co., Limited *The Rexall Store*

Prescription Specialists - - W. H. Bland, *Manager*
Campbell Bldg., cor. Fort and Douglas Phone 135

J. E. Painter & Sons

COAL & WOOD DEALERS

Wellington Coals Only

Phone 536



617 Cormorant Street - Victoria, B.C.

Too Big to Miss

The average foreigner can rarely comprehend the geographical area of the United States, as was quite fully illustrated by the Englishman and his valet who had been traveling due west from Boston for five days. At the end of the fifth day master and servant were seated in the smoking-car, and it was observed that the man was gazing steadily and thoughtfully out of the window. Finally his companion became curious.

"William," said he, "of what are you thinking?"

"I was just thinking, sir, about the discovery of Hamerica," replied the valet. "Columbus didn't do such a wonderful thing, after all, when he found this country, did he, now, sir? Hafter all's said an' done, 'ow could 'e 'elp it?"

City Dye Works

Geo. McCann, Prop.

Garments, Portieres
Rugs & Carpets

Cleaned
or Dyed



*Mail Orders receive
our prompt attention*



844 Fort Street, Victoria, B. C.

T. N. Hibben & Company

1122 Government Street

*We carry Specialties for
the Normal School
Students*

**Mounting Papers
and Boards**

**Demonstration
Colors and
Materials
for Project Work**

Bowes' **Corn Remedy** *Cures* **Grouchiness**

ASK US
ABOUT IT



Established 1891

Cyrus H. Bowes
Dependable Druggist

1121 Government Street
Near View Street

The
South African Plume Shop
where all the well dressed
women shop

Sportswear
for every hour of
Summer Days

Ready for the active sportswoman
or the smart spectator—in our
Ready-to-Wear & Millinery
sports sections, at prices
you will like



**The South African
Plume Shop**

747 Yates St., Phone 2818

Settled
“Yes,” said Ambrose, “I can
trace my relatives back to a
family tree.”
“Chase ‘em back to a family
tree,” said Mose.
“No—trace ‘em, trace ‘em.”
“Well, there ain’t but two
kinds of things dat lives in trees
—birds and monkeys—and you
ain’t got feathers on you.”

* * *

Clear and Concise
The following was the verdict
by a jury in a suit against a rail-
road company:
“If the train had run as it
should have ran; if the bell had
rung as it should have rang; if
the whistle had blowed as it
should have blew, both of which
it did neither—the cow would
not have been injured when she
was killed.”

Evening and Dinner Gowns

Afternoon and Sport Dresses

Dorothy M. Winder

Imported French and English
Exclusive Ladies' Wear
and Knitted Wear



1102 Douglas Street, Victoria, B. C. - Phone 8298
and at 1189 Newport Avenue - - - Phone 8526

Temeritous Offer

In case of death, call us on the phone, wherever you may be, and our representative will be with you without the least possible delay.

* * *

Better Than He Knew

Bill—"Jones, the Welshman, hes eloped with ma wife."

Jack—"Wel Aa thowt he wes your verry best pal."

Bill—"Aye and so he is, but he dissent knaa yit!"

* * *

A woman teacher, in trying to explain the meaning of the word "slowly," illustrated it by walking across the floor.

When she asked the class to tell her how she walked, she nearly fainted when a boy at the foot of the class shouted, "Bow-legged, ma'am!"

We are Agents *for*
General Electric
Refrigerators
Hotpoint Electric
Ranges
Westinghouse Electric
Ranges

Inspection Invited



Murphy Electric
Company 722 Yates Street

We extend our congratulations to all graduates
of the 1927-28 classes.

Fernwood Pharmacy

1923 Fernwood Road - Telephone 2555

Mrs. Russell—"What is your husband's average income, Mrs. Harper?"

Mrs. Harper — "Oh, about midnight."

* * *

Specifications

"But, Mabel, on what grounds does your father object to me?"

"On any grounds within a mile of our house."

* * *

How He Got 'Em

"How did you get so many wounds?" I asked the corporal in the bathhouse, seeing his body covered with scars. "Accidental discharge of duties?"

"Naw, you see it was just this way: I was standing on the edge of our trench leanin' up against our barrage, when they lifted the barrage and I fell into the trench."

Met His Match

Struck by the notice, "Iron Sinks," in a shop window, a wag went inside and said that he was perfectly aware of the fact that "iron sank."

Alive to the occasion the smart shopkeeper retaliated:

"Yes, and time flies, but wine vaults, sulphur springs, jam rolls, grass slopes, music stands, Niagara Falls, moonlight walks, sheep run, holiday trips, scandal spreads, India rubber tires, the organ stops, the world goes round, trade returns, and—"

But the visitor had bolted. After collecting his thoughts he returned and showing his head at the doorway, shouted: "Yes, I agree with all of that perfectly —and marble busts."

"Say It With Flowers"

Brown's Victoria Nurseries *Limited* **Leading Florists & Seedsmen**

Members F. T. D. Association

A Full Line of Plants and Cut Flowers for all occasions. Also Seeds.

Phones 219, 1269

618 View Street

“Teacher Says So!”

How often one hears that phrase from the lips of the children and with what a note of finality! “*Teacher says so!*”—it IS so.

Teachers have a tremendous influence and a heavy responsibility. The young mind is their's to cultivate at its most impressionable stage, and what is planted there by “Teacher” is there to stay! Plant the seed of Good Citizenship with all that Good Citizenship implies. Teach the child to appreciate this wonderful country of ours and to regard its treasures as things real and personal.



*“Prevent Forest Fires”
You Can Help!*

The Easiest Way

Following the line of the least resistance is what makes rivers and men crooked."

* * *

"Getting" His Audience

An evangelist who was conducting nightly services announced that on the following evening he would speak on the subject of "Liars." He advised his hearers to read in advance the seventeenth chapter of Mark.

The next night he arose and said: "I am going to preach on 'Liars' to-night, and I would like to know how many read the chapter I suggested." A hundred hands were upraised.

"Now," he said, "you are the very persons I want to talk to—there isn't any seventeenth chapter of Mark."

The Newest Styles in

Women's *and* Children's Wearing Apparel

at

*Most Attractive
Prices*

❖

Angus Campbell
& Co., Limited
1008-10 Government St.

' If Youth but knew what
Age doth crave, many a
penny Youth would save''

Confederation Life Association

Established 1871

ENDOWMENTS

1. Provide a safe means of regular saving.
2. Protect your beneficiary.
3. Provide you with a monthly income if totally disabled.
4. Money for future use.

Write for particulars to

F. LEWIN - - District Manager
P. R. M. WALLIS - Gen. Agent
Sayward Building - - Phone 2099

The Lesser Evil

"Why didn't you stop when I signaled you?" inquired the officer.

"Well," replied Mr. Chuggins, "it had taken me two hours to get this old flivver started, and it seemed a shame to stop her merely to avoid a little thing like being arrested."

* * *

Two Irishmen made their boat fast to a wharf and went to sleep. The boat broke away during the night and drifted far out to sea. When Mike awoke he could see nothing but water. He shook Pat and said, "Wake up, quick, Pat. We're not here at all."

Pat roused himself and looked out and replied, "No, begorra! And we're a long ways from here."

The Victoria Book and Stationery Co., Limited

1002 Government Street

Agents for

A. E. Waterman Fountain Pens
Eversharp Pencils, Canadian Kodak Co.
Globe Wernicke Sectional Bookcases

School Textbooks

for The Public Schools, High School and
Victoria College of Arts always in stock

The best place in B. C. for New Books. Special attention to mail orders

Bix—"So your friend became wealthy through a sudden upward movement in oil? What oil stock did he buy?"

Dix—"He didn't buy any. A rich old aunt tried to start a fire with a can of it."

* * *

Fisherman's Luck

A minister, with two lovely girls, stood entranced by the beauties of a flowing stream. A fisherman happening by, and mistaking the minister's occupation, said: "Ketchin' many, pard?"

"I am a fisher of men," answered the preacher with dignity.

"Well," replied the fisherman, with an admiring glance at the girls, "you sure have the right bait."

Photographs

We specialize in
School Groups, Portraiture,
and all kinds of Out-door
Work. Amateur Finishing,
Lantern Slides, etc.

*All kinds of
Panoramic Work*



Harold Fleming

*Commercial & Portrait
Photographer*

1014 Government St., Victoria, B. C.

Victoria Studio of Expression

To the Students of the Normal School—You are entirely dependent on your voice for effective work; if your voice goes, your work goes, therefore it is of the first importance to you that you should know

How to preserve and strengthen the voice - - How to avoid throat strain and fatigue

Consult MRS. WILFRID ORD - Voice Specialist

Honour Licentiate of Trinity College, London

Voice Culture, Public Speaking, Phonetics,
Literature, Elocution, Dramatic Art, Singing

Reduced terms for Normal School Students - - Do not miss this opportunity

715 FORT STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

TELEPHONE 329

Make **TERRY'S** **YOUR RENDEZVOUS**

SODA FOUNTAINS and Light Refreshments

KODAKS & FILMS—Developing and Printing

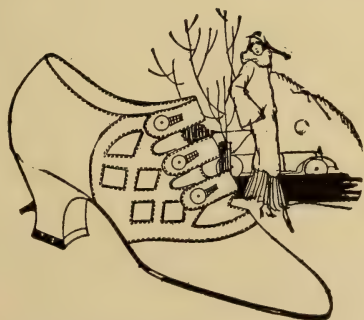
DRUGS and Drug Store Things

Dancing and Orchestra on Friday and Saturday Nights



TERRY'S

CORNER of FORT AND DOUGLAS STREETS



SHOES *for*

Play, Work, Evening Wear

Maynard's Shoe Store

"Where Most People Trade"

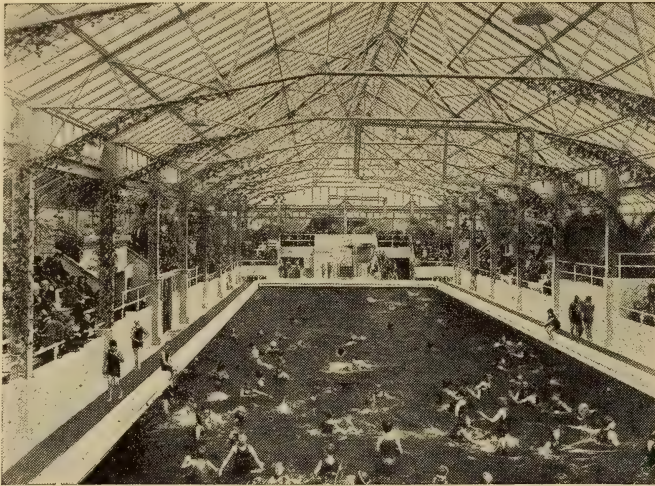
649 Yates Street

Telephone 1232

Crystal Garden *Victoria, B. C.*

Learn to Swim for Health and Safety

Sea Water Bathing Daily, 9 a.m. to 11 p.m. - Sundays, 2 to 6 p.m. only



Swimmers' Season Tickets

During the period
of one year from
date of issue.

Adults - \$20.00 each
2 in Family

\$15.00 each
3 or more in
Family, \$12.50 each

CHILDREN and
STUDENTS

\$10.00 each

Bona fide Students
of all schools in
Greater Victoria

DANCING

Every Night, 9-12,
except Sunday

REFRESHMENTS

The Victoria Daily Times

■ ■

"The Home Paper"

A Prompt Moral

Heckler (to orator) — "Hi, Guv'nor, do you support early closing?"

Orator—"Certainly I do, my friend."

Heckler—"Then shut up!"

* * *

Would Be Represented

A couple of old codgers got into a quarrel and landed before the local magistrate. The loser, turning to his opponent in a combative frame of mind, cried: "I'll law you to the Circuit Court."

"I'm willin'," said the other.

"Aan' I'll law you to the Supreme Court."

"I'll be thar."

"An' I'll law to 'ell!"

"My attorney'll be there," was the calm reply.

The Only *Batteryless* Radio With Tubes Guaranteed for 12 months



No Batteries - No Chemicals
Full Volume and Clear Tone
Prices from \$195
On convenient terms

Fletcher Bros. (Victoria) Ltd. 1110 Douglas St., Victoria, B. C.

Saving the Hens Trouble

"Here, Binks, I wish you'd take my garden seeds and give them to your hens with my compliments. It will save them the trouble of coming over after them."

* * *

His Real Feelings

"Do you know," roared the little man, "that your great hulking brute of a bulldog killed my wife's dear little, unoffending, ethereal, heavenly pet poodle."

"What about it?" asked the brute.

"Well," said the little man, looking carefully round to see that no one was spying, "would you be offended if I presented your dog with a new collar?"

Waiting at the Fire

"Number please?"

"Never mind, Central. I wanted the Fire Department, but the house has burned down now."

* * *

The Outcome

"Did you give your wife that lecture on economy you talked about?"

"Yes."

"Any results?"

"Yes, I'm giving up smoking."

* * *

"I put an advertisement in the paper for a wife."

"Did you get any answers?"

"Any? Why, the first day I got 400 and two from men asking me to take theirs."

BATHING SUITS—

All Wool Universal Bathing Suits - Boys and Girls, \$2.50; Men and Women, \$2.95
Universal Rib-stitch Bathing Suits - Boys and Girls, \$2.95; Men and Women, \$4.50
Jantzen Bathing Suits - - - - Boys and Girls, \$4.95; Men and Women, \$5.75

PEDEN BROS, *Bicycles and Sporting Goods, Toys*

1410-12 Douglas Street - Phone 817

Tourist! Friend!

YOU MAKE VISIT TEEN JORE
ALL SAME BIG TRIP ORIENT

You come my store make big surprise. Looksee heap high-tone Chinese Gift all kind. Coolie Coat, Slipper, China Tea. Ladie bring man; man like come back looksee more. Catch fine things here for friend. Maybe take home. No can tell. Please come!



Teen Jore

Buy What You Like

1501 Government Street, Victoria
598 Seymour Street, Vancouver

An Excellent Investment

A YEARLY DEPOSIT in our Company will guarantee you—

First: \$10,000 in cash at age 55

Second: \$100 per month if you are totally disabled

And we make the deposit for you.

*See us while you are young
and the rates are low*

Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada

Fred. M. McGregor, *Dist. Manager*

At the Psychological Moment

"Father," said the small boy, "what is psychology?"

"Psychology, my son, is a word of four syllables that you ring in to distract attention when the explaining gets difficult."

Tactful Dimensions

The outspoken modern girl went to order a hammock. "About what size, miss?" asked the assistant. "Big enough for one, but strong enough for two," she answered, without turning a hair.

We have everything

Electrical

Let us know your requirements

Hawkins & Hayward

Electrical Quality
and Service
Store

1121 Douglas St., cor. View
Telephones - 643 and 2627



Is Your

Tennis Racket Broken

Let Our Experts Repair It.
"They Know How"

Victoria Sporting Goods Co.

1010 Broad St. - Phone 1285

Mark the Milestones of Life—



Wheeler-Fort Studio

1230 Government Street

Phone 7673



Photographs live for ever

Our Catalogue of Educational Supplies

Is of Value to
every Teacher

Be sure to obtain a copy before
purchasing equipment



*The Geo. M.
Hendry Co.,
Limited*

129 Adelaide St. West
Toronto - - Ontario

Your Old Man Again

First Little Girl—"Do you believe in the devil?"

Second Little Girl—"No! It's like Santa Claus. It's your father."

* * *

An Awful Threat

"Now, Willie," said the teacher, "if you aren't a good boy I'll make you stay after school and learn the names of all the Premiers of France since 1925."

* * *

Putting It Gracefully

Corporal—"I hear that the drill sergeant called you a blockhead."

Private—"No, he didn't make it that strong."

Corporal—"What did he actually say?"

Private—"Put on your hat, here comes a woodpecker."

Everything *for the* School



Stationery, Equipment
Kindergarten Supplies

The Clarke & Stuart Co.

550 Seymour St.

Limited

Vancouver, B. C.

Dangerous Germs

"You claim there are microbes in kisses?"

"There are," he said.

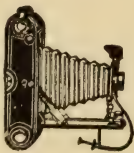
"What disease do they bring?" she asked.

"Palpitation of the heart."

The Higher Compensation

There is a shortage of 38,000 school teachers in the United States. That, of course, is the inevitable result of so many good teachers resigning to become janitors.

MacFarlane Drug Co. Dependable Druggists



KODAKS - CINE KODAKS
IMPORTED TOILETRIES

Corner Douglas and Johnson Streets, Victoria, B. C.

City Chauffeur in the Army
"What's become of your chauffeur?"

"Oh, he was with the regiment down in Texas and crawled under an army mule to see why it wouldn't go."

* * *

Turn About

Two golf fiends—an Englishman and a Scot—were playing a round together. After the first hole, the Englishman asked:

"How many did you take?"

"Eight," replied the Scot.

"Oh, I only took seven, so it's my hole!" exclaimed the Englishman triumphantly.

After the second hole, the Englishman put the same question again. But the Scot smiled knowingly.

"Na, na, ma man," said he; "it's ma turn tae ask first!"

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hairdressing Parlors



Ladies Department

Room No. 51

Hair Cutting - - - -	25 cents
Marcelling - - - -	50 cents
Facials - - - - -	50 cents

Gent's Department

Room No. 52

Hair Cutting - - - -	25 cents
Children's Hair Cutting -	25 cents



F. H. Wells

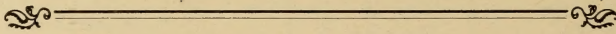
Arcade Block, Victoria Phone 1387

Use
Shamrock Brands
Butter - Bacon - Ham
Lard - Eggs
All Canadian Products



P. Burns & Company, Ltd.

We Ourselves



DISGUISE it in any way possible, yet every advertisement is put out with the hope and desire to get business. That is why we advertise. We want more work, and if you will let us talk to you about your *printing problems* we are confident that we can help you —better still, we can prove it

We printed the
"ANECHO"



The Acme Press

Printers & Binders - 753 View St.

UVIC ARCHIVES

Arc
(sc)
LB1997
V5P7
1927/2

